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THE BRITISH LION LOOSE IN THE HOUSE OF COMMONS.—[See Page 659.]

"Now put your Head in, if you dare."

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

Saturday, August 14, 1875.

☞ *With this Number of* Harper's Weekly *is sent out gratuitously an*

ILLUSTRATED SUPPLEMENT,

embellished with several beautiful engravings, and containing the continuation of "Hugh Melton."

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THE SANCTITY OF JUDICIAL DECISIONS.

If the truth justified Mr. O'Conor's letter, Mr. O'Conor was especially the man to write it. And if the senior leader of the bar believed that justice was tainted in its highest seat in the State, it was his imperative duty to sound the alarm plainly and fearlessly as he has done. He is not to be answered by the censure of Tweed's lawyers, nor by the impotent cry that the decisions of the courts are sacred from criticism. Mr. George F. Comstock, ex-Judge of Appeals, and one of Tweed's counsel, has written a letter reviewing that of Mr. O'Conor, and in the act of rebuking that gentleman for criticising the judgment of one court, he says of another, "I know of no precedent for such a trial since the times when Jeffreys and Scroggs administered the criminal law of England." And again he speaks of the transfer of the case "from the murky atmosphere of Judge Davis's court, charged with electric passion and vaulting ambition, to the Court of Appeals, where all is calmness and deliberation." The critic is unwary. If Mr. O'Conor pointed out that one court has uniformly favored Tweed, is it for a lawyer who is paid with the money that Tweed has stolen, and who denounces the judge of another court as a Jeffreys and his decisions as lawless, to call Mr. O'Conor to account for want of respect for the judiciary?

It is an astounding doctrine that the opinions of courts are not to be criticised. It was the universal and unrelenting criticism of the monstrous Dred Scott decision—a judgment of the Supreme Court of the United States—that helped to rouse the country to save its liberty and government. "What are you going to do about it?" was the sneer with which the critics of that decision were taunted, and the sneerers have had their answer. It was the peremptory challenge both of the legal-tender decision and its reversal which showed the healthful vigilance and independence of the public mind. And for ourselves we recall nothing with more satisfaction than that we joined with the *Times* and a few other journals in assailing Judges Barnard and Cardozo in the very height and prime of their power, and the power of Tweed, their master. In the light of known facts it is not a handsome spectacle, that of those who were silent under the iniquities and appalling prostitution of the bench to Tweed seven and eight years ago, now raising their voices, with Tweed's stolen money jingling in their pockets, in bitter denunciation of the magistrate who sentenced him as a Jeffreys and a Scroggs. In associating the name of Judge Davis with that of Jeffreys, Mr. Comstock, paid by Tweed, is guilty of a very gross offense. How gross, let any reader turn to English history and see.

Was it the duty of all good Englishmen not to criticise the Bloody Assizes? On the contrary, was there any higher duty than to decry and expose the infamy as loudly and as broadly as possible? What remedy remains to the people if criticism and censure of judicial outrages are to be suppressed as "insults to the bench?" What is so sure to secure respect for the judiciary, by promoting its respectability, as its consciousness that its conduct is carefully watched and weighed? In a State where judges are elected, and where elections are so often carried and managed by Tweeds and corrupt rings, what surer cloak of corruption upon the bench than the understanding that criticism of the action of courts is an insult to the bench? Readers out of the State of New York may not be aware that there are singular facts and reports in regard to that court "where all is calmness and deliberation." Its Chief Justice is a conspicuous politician, who was last year the intended candidate of the Democratic opponents of Governor Tilden, and who has recently publicly assailed the motives of one of the counsel for the people in the Tweed suits; while the figures of the votes for one or two of the Judges of Appeals are publicly cited as evidence that they were "counted in" by the Tweed interest. These things, however painful, are necessarily remembered when the uniformity of the decisions of the court in favor of Tweed is remarked, and they are the reserved force of Mr. O'Conor's letter.

As we said when the decision was published, the release of Tweed is humiliating, but if the laws, honestly interpreted and administered, are not adequate to the punishment of such offenses as Tweed's, we must all submit and wonder. The release may have been law, but it was certainly not justice, and the fact remains that lawyers quite as astute and able as Mr. Comstock or any of Tweed's counsel are of opinion that the laws are quite sufficient for justice if they could only be applied. Nevertheless, the opinion of the highest court will always be respected, however lawyers may differ as to its merits, so long as the court itself is above suspicion. Nor will any sensible man easily suffer it to fall under suspicion. But when one of the greatest lawyers in the country, and of spotless personal character, takes the responsibility of calling it to account, no sensible man will affect to think the matter disposed of by calling his charge an insult to the bench. And as the present court is elective, the result of its decision upon the Tweed case will necessarily be to strengthen the conviction that there should be an absolute separation of the bench from politics, so that every magistrate as he seats himself should understand that the political career is closed to him, while every man who proposes a judge for political office should be regarded as assailing social order.

FALSE PRETENSES.

The Democratic Convention in Maryland has adopted a platform which says:

"*First*—We do hereby declare our unfaltering devotion to those cardinal principles of republican government enunciated by Thomas Jefferson in language so clear that it can not be improved, to wit: 'Equal and exact justice to all men, of whatever state or persuasion, religious or political; the support of the State governments in all their rights as the most competent administrations for our domestic concerns, and the surest bulwarks against anti-republican tendencies; the preservation of the general government in its whole constitutional vigor as the sheet-anchor of our peace at home and safety abroad; the supremacy of the civil over the military authority; economy in the public expenses, that labor may be lightly burdened; the honest payment of our debts, and the sacred preservation of the public faith; the diffusion of information, and the arraignment of all abuses at the bar of public reason; freedom of religion; freedom of the press; freedom of the person under the protection of the *habeas corpus*; and trial by jury impartially selected.'"

These are most excellent sentiments. They are truths which the Republican party has professed and practiced for many years, and by steadfast adherence to them that party has for fifteen years beaten the Democratic party. These are the Republican principles and purposes; but what has the Democratic party to do with them? That party is led to-day by many of its leaders of fifteen, ten, and five years ago. Its membership is chiefly what it was during the war. It has been nowhere reorganized. In the light of truth and experience the Maryland Democratic platform is very comical. The Democratic party has steadily denied equal and exact justice to all men; and the only organizations that now exist in the country to maintain that denial are Democratic. The Democratic party held and proclaimed a doctrine of the rights of the State governments that amounted to State sovereignty, and ended in bloody rebellion. The Democratic party, actively in one part of the country and passively in another, sought the violent overthrow of the general government. The Democratic party superseded the civil by the military power whenever it was necessary to sustain slavery. The Democratic party, by prostituting the civil service to partisanship, fostered administrative fraud, carelessness, and extravagance, of which Swartwout and Price were the first-fruits. The Democratic party proposed in its National Convention a virtual breach of the public faith. The Democratic party is allied with the only sect in this country that threatens religious freedom, as it has elsewhere always destroyed it when it could. The Democratic party has been always the tool of the interest that hated freedom of the press and of the person.

Thus the Democratic party has been the steady and recognized foe of what the Maryland Convention calls "the cardinal principles of republican government enunciated by Thomas Jefferson," to which it pledges its "unfaltering devotion." Undoubtedly it has often made the same professions before, but the answer is written on every page of our political history. While it held four millions of men and women deprived of every right and in the most loathsome slavery, it still called itself the party of the people, and especially of the poor laboring-man, and of equal rights. Mr. Allen, who is now, as Democratic candidate for Governor of Ohio, asking laboring-men if they will submit to the "remorseless yoke" imposed by "a moneyed aristocracy," was, when in Congress, the supple tool of the aristocracy of slavery, which degraded labor, denounced the free working-man as a mud-sill, and made the slaves, whom it reduced as nearly as it could to mere cattle, the rivals, in the States which it controlled and the territory that it sought to control, of the intelligent mechanics and farmers of Ohio and of every other Free State. And it is Mr. Allen's boast that he is unchanged.

The Boston *Herald*, in a temperate and courteous article, says that in stating such facts as these we forget that few Northern Democrats favored slavery, and that, in any case, slavery is gone. The *Herald*, however, will remember that Northern Democrats sustained to the very last the slavery policy of their party, whether they favored slavery or not, and that a Northern Democratic President assured his Southern allies that the war for slavery would be fought out in our streets. As to the present position of the party, it is evident that neither the life-long convictions of its leading members nor its real feeling as shown in its press and conduct are especially favorable to equal rights. Now the choice in 1876 lies between the Republican and Democratic parties, and the claim of the latter that it is the party of equal rights is as much a false pretense as the claim made by some Democratic papers that it is the party of hard money. All that we say is, not that the Republican party has not serious offenses to answer for, but that the great objects which are justly most precious to good citizens are very much more likely to be promoted, according to all the signs of the times, by the Republican than by the Democratic party. And it is the constant statement of this truth which makes us seem to the *Herald* incapable of rising above party prejudice. We can, indeed, conceive, with the *Herald*, of a great party true to the American principles of liberty and justice. But the Republican party is certainly much nearer that ideal than the Democratic.

A GOOD WORD FROM SOUTH CAROLINA.

A late meeting of the Hampton Legion of South Carolina, which was one of the most noted and resolute bodies of soldiers opposed to the government in the late war, was addressed by General T. M. Logan. His speech is another of the good signs of the times, and contrasts with that of Mr. Preston as sense with nonsense. General Logan—and he was speaking to the very flower of "the chivalry" of South Carolina—said that whatever view might be taken of the war, and however he and his comrades might regret that they were not allowed to work out their own future for themselves, yet unquestionably the changes that have occurred have increased their capacity for progress, and the existing opportunities for developing the resources of their section are greater than was possible under the old system. Whatever the reason of the former inactivity and helplessness may have been—whether poor statesmanship, a prejudice against manufactures and commerce, or the peculiar institution—the fact, he asserts, is undeniable, but now the condition and opportunities of the Southern States are such as should insure them, if they are true to themselves and to the lessons of the past, their full share of prosperity.

This is said by an old commander of the Hampton Legion in the State of South Carolina, which has been constantly cited as the ghastly illustration of a community ruined by the policy of reconstruction. It shows, not indeed that Moses was a good Governor, nor that ignorance and rascality are not very perilous in politics, but that the situation even in the much-abused State of South Carolina has another side, which is seen and acknowledged even by the bitterest opponents of the Republican party, of which class we suppose General Logan to be. And it may fairly be asked whether, had the Democratic party elected M'Clellan in 1864, or Seymour in 1868, or Greeley in 1872, General Logan would have felt the same security, or could have spoken in the same hopeful strain. He has the good sense to recognize that an industrial system can not be overthrown, and a new political and civil order established amidst the hot and smoking ruins of a civil war, without confusion and mishap and risk of many kinds, and the sagacity to apprehend that the end of slavery, although produced by so tremendous a convulsion, is the beginning of the real prosperity of his State.

General Logan makes some observations upon the characteristics of the Confederate soldiers during the war, and alluding to the Centennial year, he speaks of the just pride which the citizens of the Southern States may feel in the contributions of "the South" to the national glory at the great commemoration. He very gracefully and felicitously says, in speaking of "the South" and her sons, "She can refer to their high sense of honor recently exhibited as an earnest of fidelity to that Union which they have now accepted as their own." It is pleasant to hear such words from such a source. They inspire great hopes. But we must be permitted, in the same friendly spirit, to make one remark. General Logan speaks much and with natural warmth in praise of the valor of his fellow-soldiers; and General Wade Hampton, in his welcoming speech to the Legion, said that perhaps in the next Centennial those who value bravery and devotion to duty would think the Confederate banner worthy to hang by the historic flag of Eutaw and the Cowpens. But it must always be remembered that, however great may have been the courage and tenacity of the Confederate soldier, which no one will deny, the Confederate cause was repugnant to justice and human nature. Lee may have been the consummate soldier that General Logan describes, but the orator will admit that the cause which he served was as different from the cause of Eutaw and the Cowpens as slavery from liberty. We heartily hope that the Centennial year will bind more closely, with better understanding and with more mutual respect, the lately warring sections of the country. But we hope quite as earnestly that there will be no such moral confusion as would be implied in placing the flag of American slavery, because it was bravely defended, by the flag of American liberty. We do not honor the Boston Puritans who hung the Quakeress Mary Dyer equally with Roger Williams because both may have been equally sincere, nor the Duke of Alva equally with William of Orange because both may have been equally brave and constant soldiers. It should never be forgotten that the sincerity of the executioners of Mary Dyer was hostile to religious freedom, while that of Roger Williams was consecrated to soul-liberty; the soldierly courage of Alva was devoted to enslaving a people, and that of William to securing their freedom and independence. Bravery is admirable, but bravery for a just and noble cause alone has the perpetual benediction of the human heart.

THE RAG-MONEY CAMPAIGN.

The manner in which the Democrats are managing the Ohio canvass is well worth the attention of all honest and honorable citizens. The financial question is, by general consent, thus far the essential issue in that State. The Democratic Convention pronounced for sheer inflation and rag money, and the Democratic candidates, Messrs. Allen and Cary, Mr. Kelley, a Pennsylvania Republican, and Mr. George H. Pendleton, have taken the chief part in the debate upon the Democratic side. The arguments of the three first-named inflationists have been the most extravagant appeals to the jealousy of classes and the hostility of the poor toward the rich. They have represented the bond-holders—a phrase which their hearers, of course, interpret to mean all who are opposed to inflation—as thieves and tyrants, oppressors who grind the faces of the poor, and heartless, haughty despots who plunder "the people." These orators, indeed, assume to lay down principles and to conduct arguments, and they speculate and theorize with the air and tone of philosophers and masters of finance. But these abstractions are not the forcible or effective parts of their speeches. In a crowd of miners, or in any miscellaneous throng at a political meeting, the number of those who can comprehend a strictly financial or economical argument and theory is not many. But every hearer knows what thieving and oppression and aristocracy and plunder and profligacy mean: and when a political orator, speaking to a crowd of laborers in dull times, when work is scarce and wages scant, denounces his opponents as scoundrels and knaves who are bloated with ill-gotten gain, and fattening upon the poor man, he does what he can to destroy the mutual confidence which is the mainspring of prosperous industry.

That this is the manner in which the Democratic campaign in Ohio is conducted is known to every man who reads the papers. Even Mr. Kelley has condescended to this work, conscious as he must be that the question in which he is so deeply interested can not be satisfactorily settled by demagogery of any kind, but solely by the wise deliberation of sagacious men. Yet in his speech at Youngstown his tone was that of an angry revolutionary agitator, not of a statesman or of a good citizen. "Fools," he said, "call me and those who agree with me *sans culottes*, and intimate that we are capable of the most atrocious crimes that characterized the French Revolution. They had better pause before reducing the working people to the last measure of despair...... The work of plundering the masses still goes on......It is a profligate waste of the people's gold," to pay it to the national banks. And the report in the Cleveland *Herald* states that in conclusion "the judge,

speaking with great earnestness, warned the bankers and bullionists that unless they desisted from robbing and plundering the people, a mob might be at their doors and a knife at their throats."

Mr. ALLEN, the Democratic candidate for Governor, said at Parkersburg, in Western Virginia, on his way to the Ohio meeting at Gallipolis: "A government in the hands of stock-jobbers and brokers, who have no other object than to rule that they may rob, is the worst government in the world. That is the power we are fighting." He did not believe that the people would bow down "to receive the yoke of remorseless bondage enforced upon them by a moneyed aristocracy." And CARY, the Democratic candidate for Lieutenant-Governor, announces that a Republican Administration, "if continued, must result in an irrepressible conflict which will disgrace the civilization of the age, and produce national bankruptcy, repudiation, and ruin." The bond-holders he describes as "bloated speculators," who are awarded money "coined out of the sinews and toil of the laboring classes," an "untaxed aristocracy" appealing to "the robbed and betrayed producers of wealth," "coupon clippers" and "nests of thieves," with "a new license to plunder this great people." And if the Democratic party does not come into power, "I would advise you to put your homes in order," to escape the awful catastrophe that awaits the laboring-man. "May God have mercy upon you and your dependent families!"

And it is by such declamation, by teaching the poorer man to hate the richer, by insinuating that property is theft, that a prosperous man is a public enemy, that a nation which keeps faith with its creditors is a moneyed aristocracy, by suggesting to laborers out of employment that it is to be expected they will murder and burn, that the Democratic rag-money party carries on the Ohio campaign. Its course is an insult to popular government, and we have little doubt that the people of Ohio will show ALLEN and CARY, as they showed VALLANDIGHAM during the war, that they are not so ignorant and selfish and stupid as the Democratic appeals and arguments imply. The Democratic speeches may, indeed, excite the worst passions of the worst classes, but those classes have never yet shown themselves to be the majority in Ohio.

THE SUFFRAGE IN ENGLAND.

THE debate in the English Parliament and newspapers upon the grant of money for the expenses of the visit of the Prince of Wales to India is interesting and significant. The propositions made by the Tory Government imply a consciousness of a public reluctance to spend much money for such a purpose. But this reluctance, like the objections made to the other grants to royal personages, indicates a waning regard for royalty itself. The present understanding is that the cost of the voyage out and home again will be about two hundred and fifty thousand dollars; the general entertainment of the Prince in India is to be paid for by the Governor-General, but whether out of his own money is not evident; and the Prince is to have three hundred thousand dollars for the presents that he may make, and is to be allowed to keep those that may be made to him. The opposition argues that the whole enterprise is foolish, and the expense a mere waste without return or advantage of any kind. Mr. GLADSTONE, however, agrees with Mr. DISRAELI that the thing should be handsomely done. And upon the royal theory, they are undoubtedly right. If a king is a desirable institution, he should be regally supported; and although it may be said that it is not necessary that he should do every thing that may be proposed, yet a royal visit to a distant royal province or department which has never seen the monarch or the royal heir is good state policy.

If those Englishmen who oppose the wedding grants and the regular allowances to princes and princesses would base their hostility upon opposition to the monarchy itself, and declare themselves republicans, their position would be logical and intelligible. But royalty is a pageant, and a parsimonious pageant is absurd. The expense is part of the economy. That is to say, if it be thought that a permanent executive called a king, and enveloped in a huge web of ceremony, is desirable, one of the reasons that it is so is that, upon the whole, it is less costly than the elective system. But the ceremony is an essential part of the whole, and the ceremony is maintained by money. To stint the money unreasonably, therefore, is to weaken the ceremony, and an inadequate ceremony is ridiculous. Mr. GLADSTONE, who sincerely holds to the monarchy, properly insists upon sustaining its conditions, and holds that if the royal heir is to make a distant progress, he shall make it royally.

The Government effort to seem to consult economy in the matter indicates, as we said, the consciousness of a large and powerful incredulity not only of the value of this particular royal visit, but of royalty itself. And this consciousness is perhaps deepened by the fact that simultaneously with the debate upon the India visit comes the proposition to extend household suffrage from the boroughs to the counties. This is called a movement for the enfranchisement of the agricultural laborers by those who wish to defeat it, for the agricultural laboring class is the most ignorant and seemingly least fitted for the franchise of any in the country. But Mr. FAWCETT has shown that the bill would affect more artisans than farm-laborers, and the artisans in the boroughs are already enfranchised. Why, then, should they not be in the counties? This extension of the suffrage is the next step in the inevitable popularizing of the English government, and it is improbable that an Anglo-Saxon people, with an actual governing Parliament and universal suffrage, would long care to maintain the pageant of royalty, which has its real strength not in the theory that it is a fixed hereditary executive head, but in the general faith that it is a reality and not a pageant. The new suffrage bill was defeated, Mr. W. E. FORSTER being its only strong advocate. The titular leader of the Liberals, Lord HARTINGTON, and the actual leader, Mr. GLADSTONE, both refrained from voting. The defeat, of course, is but a postponement; and equally with the discussion of the India visit, the bill shows the steady movement of England toward a truly popular government.

A DEMOCRATIC PROTEST.

THE Baltimore *Gazette* is a Democratic paper which has the good sense and courage to hope that its party may be beaten in Ohio upon its inflation platform. It is a hopeful sign when a party paper prefers honesty and the public welfare to party success. It is because Mr. THURMAN refused to do this, but deliberately advocated the support of his party when he admitted that it favored dishonesty, that he has forfeited the respect of patriotic men, and has fallen from the honorable position that he occupied. He was suddenly confronted with a moment which tried both his sagacity and his courage, and both failed. He had the chance of placing himself at the head of his party, but he did not see it, and lost it. If on the day of the Convention he had boldly declared that it did not speak for his party, and had appealed from the Democracy of Ohio to that of the Union, he would have led a Democratic movement against inflation, and if the party should be defeated in Ohio, he would, notwithstanding the rage of the rag-money ring in his State, have been the party candidate for President upon a hard-money platform. But now if his party carries Ohio upon the rag platform, he will be in no higher favor. And when inflation, victorious in Ohio, became, as it then would become, the national cry of the party, his rival, PENDLETON, or some consistent and original rag-money man, would be the Presidential candidate. While if the party is beaten, his ready and willing adhesion to it while fighting for inflation will have disgusted and alienated the hard-money Democracy.

The Baltimore *Gazette* has done in the Democratic party what so many Massachusetts Republicans did last year in their party—it has preferred the defeat of the party with a dishonest cry. The words of the *Gazette* are so excellent that they deserve to be pondered:

> "Senator THURMAN is in favor of the Democratic party, right or wrong, while the better sentiment of the country only desires the success of the Democratic party right, and would rather see it sustain a temporary defeat than have one of its cardinal principles trampled under foot. This, as we understand it, is the difference between Mr. THURMAN and those who think him not justified in his course during and after the Ohio Convention. How he will reconcile his Democracy with the spurious article proffered by Mr. PENDLETON—how, as a statesman and lover of his country, he can support for office an arrant demagogue and repudiationist like CARY, the candidate for Lieutenant-Governor—how he can have the hardihood to tell the people of Ohio that the road to reform and honest government is to be reached by jugglery and fraud, we do not know. Perhaps Mr. THURMAN will put us at ease in his Mansfield speech; but we are skeptical."

The *Gazette* states truly and forcibly that inflation is the paramount issue in Ohio, and that the election there has no other significance. An inflation victory would mean the triumph of dishonesty in Congress and in the Democratic State Conventions, while its defeat would make the Democratic party a unit for financial honesty in 1876. And this Democratic paper then bravely adds:

> "But we are discussing this question on a low plane. 'I would rather be right,' said one of our greatest statesmen, 'than be President.' The idea is rather quaint and old-fashioned in these times, but it would not hurt some of our modern statesmen to adopt it, and the same principle might be advantageously infused into parties. A steadfast, uncompromising adherence to principles will in the end bring enduring success if those principles are right. Such a course may beget temporary defeat, and success may be long postponed, but it will come, and be perpetual. Any other course, any compromise with wrong, may bring temporary victory, but ruin, swift and inevitable, will follow. Better never success at all if it is to be bought at the price the Democratic party would pay for it in Ohio."

It is not Senator THURMAN alone who may profitably meditate on these words. Such a strain from a positive party journal shows that party organizations themselves may at any moment be remodeled by this issue. The *Gazette* does not evade the point by accusing the Republicans of inflation, and trying to blow hot and cold in the same breath. What excuse for robbery is it that if we don't steal, somebody else will? In its frank and total repudiation of the action of its party in Ohio, and its hope of a party defeat there, the Baltimore *Gazette* does, as we said, what many Republican journals have done under similar circumstances; and in all such cases honest men see that patriotism in the best sense is still superior to party.

THE NEW YORK POST-OFFICE.

As there is probably no more efficient and admirable public officer than Mr. JAMES, Postmaster at New York, and as the service at his office commands universal confidence and respect, it is very gratifying to know that it is conducted upon those principles which would radically reform the entire public service were they generally observed. In correcting a statement that he had said in regard to the reduction of the bonds of postmasters, that by "trading off nearly every appointment in his office to politicians he could give the necessary bond," Mr. JAMES writes to the *Tribune*:

> "I may add that under the system which I have uniformly pursued, of appointing only on the occurrence of a vacancy, and of making no vacancy except upon the proved misconduct or incompetence of an employé, certified by the general superintendent of the division in which he is employed, such a trade as your correspondent mentions would scarcely have proved a lively one, as out of the 700 persons employed at this office and its stations whose appointment and removal are officially within my control, but eighty-four have been dismissed the service since I assumed my present position in April, 1873; and those dismissals were all made on account of dereliction, of more or less gravity, in official duty. And it may be permitted me to add, also, that had I found such 'trading off' to be a condition precedent to the procurement of satisfactory sureties on my bond, I would not now have had the honor of subscribing myself as yours, very truly,
>
> "T. L. JAMES, Postmaster."

Could every appointing officer in the public service truly say this, the Republican party would be very much stronger than it has been made by the success of Republican politicians in defeating the measures that would have extended the principle of Mr. JAMES's action to the entire service.

DEATH OF ANDREW JOHNSON.

EX-PRESIDENT JOHNSON died, July 31, at the residence of his daughter, Mrs. W. R. BROWN, near Carter Station, Tennessee. On the 27th, when he left his home in Greenville, he was apparently in vigorous health; but soon after reaching his daughter's house, on the evening of the 28th, he was stricken with paralysis, which mainly affected his left side, and rendered him unconscious. He rallied occasionally, but finally passed away. Mr. JOHNSON was in his sixty-seventh year. We give his portrait on page 665.

PERSONAL.

THE Rev. Dr. ALEXANDER H. VINTON, formerly of this city, but now of Boston, created some interest in London on the evening of the Fourth of July, when preaching in Westminster Abbey, by speaking of the century of free government through which the United States had just passed. He thought we had got on quite well, on the whole, and that England during the same period had proved herself worthy of the original stock. It pleased the British ear—the way the Doctor said it.

—The late JAMES M'QUESTEN, of Plymouth, New Hampshire, was an eccentric. He left considerable money to the Home Missionary Society, which is to be kept at interest till it reaches $150,000; $100,000 is then to be invested in a business block in Boston, and the remaining $50,000 kept till it reaches $150,000, when the sum of $100,000 is to be put into a business block again, and so on indefinitely. The society will receive the rents of the buildings.

—Should Mr. JOHN LEE CARROLL be elected Governor of Maryland, of which there is scarcely a doubt, he will be the first grandson of a signer of the Declaration of Independence to achieve that distinction. He is reputed to be a man of ability and integrity, and has discharged creditably the duties of President of the Maryland Senate.

—That witty Churchman and courtier, Dean STANLEY, said at the recent Newspaper Press dinner in London that St. JEROME never went to a public meeting or into a pulpit without having ten reporters in his suit, and it was even said that St. AUGUSTINE always had sixteen with him.

—"To what base (ball) uses we may arrive at last!" Three years ago Mr. FRANK NORTON resigned a clerkship in the Department of the Interior and joined a professional base-ball nine, in which he achieved considerable reputation as a batter and catcher. Since Mr. NORTON's transformation from a government clerk to the arena of base-ball he has married and settled in Brooklyn, and by the death of an ancient maiden aunt of his wife, which occurred in the City of Churches a few weeks ago, came into possession of a fortune of half a million.

—Captain RALPH CHANDLER, one of the best officers in the American navy, and as kind-hearted as a good naval man can be, on arriving at Melbourne, Australia, on his homeward way, in the *Swatara*, from the transit of Venus expedition, found there Mlle. ALBERTINE, a blind actress, well known in this country. With characteristic generosity he proffered a passage home in that vessel, which was gratefully accepted. Recently she petitioned the American Dramatic Fund Association to reinstate her as a member of the association, although she had long been considered dead, and had not paid her dues. The petition was accorded, and Messrs. CHANFRAU, S. L. M. BARLOW, Mrs. LANDER, JOHN BROUGHAM, and others subscribed the requisite amount on the spot, and Mlle. ALBERTINE was declared to be reinstated. A letter from Captain CHANDLER was read, explaining the pleasure he had felt in bringing the distressed lady home to her native land.

—Since young Dr. ELIPHALET NOTT POTTER became president of Union College that institution has received in cash gifts $300,000. A gymnasium has been built, a memorial hall is nearly completed, at a cost of $125,000, and a hall for the engineering department is in contemplation, $100,000 having been given by JAMES BROWN (of BROWN BROTHERS & CO., bankers) for that purpose; $50,000 have been given to endow scholarships for students from the South.

—Dr. EMIL BESSELS, one of the members of the ill-fated *Polaris* expedition, is now at Washington perfecting his report, which will make three volumes of 400 pages each. Dr. BESSELS was on board the *Saranac* when she went down in Seymour Narrows on the 18th of June.

—DAVID S. TERRY, who in 1859 resigned the Chief Justiceship of California for the purpose of fighting a duel with Senator BRODERICK, whom he killed, and who afterward was in the hands of the San Francisco Vigilance Committee for stabbing one HOPKINS, has just been elected a member at large of the California Democratic State Central Committee. In the late war he was a Texas colonel.

—Mr. GEORGE W. SMALLEY, in one of his interesting London letters to the New York *Tribune*, gives an appreciative notice of the life and services of the late Professor CAIRNES, whose death, as Mr. SMALLEY very truly says, is an event which we as Americans have peculiar cause to deplore. During the late war, by the publication of his remarkable book, *The Slave Power*, Professor CAIRNES did us one of the greatest services ever done by an individual to a foreign nation. With reference to his important work, *Some Leading Principles of Political Economy newly Expounded*, published in this country by Messrs. HARPER & BROTHERS, Mr. SMALLEY writes: "Professor CAIRNES's rank as an economist was very high, probably the highest in England. Mr. MILL was one of those who set the greatest value on his powers and on his contributions to economical literature. His last book was his most important and most vigorous. He dictated the whole of it while a victim to a malady which fastened him to his bed, stiffened his whole body, denied him the use of his limbs, and racked him with acute pains—rheumatic arthritis. Seldom has a more wonderful intellectual power been displayed than his in such circumstances. Friends gathered about him; one friend, the most faithful of all, his wife, never quitted him, and never wearied in her long task of ministering to his mental wants—reading to him and writing from his dictation. His courage, good spirits, and unusual conversational powers remained to near the last."

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

THE yellow fever still prevails at Pensacola, Florida. A dispatch from Fort Barrancas, July 29, announces the death of Lieutenant Deshler, and states that 19 out of 64 cases have proved fatal.

The population of Westchester County in 1870, including the towns of Morrisania, West Farms, and Kings Bridge, recently annexed to this city, was 131,348. According to the new census, the present population of the county is between 100,000 and 103,000, notwithstanding the loss of the three large towns.

Washington letters from Fort Smith represent that feuds are prevalent among the Indians of Indian Territory, growing out of the pending political canvass. The elections there have always been more or less noted for turbulence and bloodshed; but the present season the contest for principal chief is un[illegible]ly violent. Within six weeks at least fifty persons have been killed or wounded, owing to the fact that the difference of principle between the Ross and Downing parties has changed to a mere feud between families or clans. Some of the white citizens in the Cherokee Nation are in great fear, and have appealed to the judicial authorities for protection.

The well-known banking house of Duncan, Sherman, & Co., of this city, failed July 27.

The Minnesota Republicans held a State Convention at St. Paul July 28. John S. Pillsbury was nominated for Governor, and Joseph B. Weakfield for Lieutenant-Governor. The platform indorses the present national administration, favors a return to specie payments, and denounces the third term.

FOREIGN NEWS.

THE Vienna *Presse* says the Prince Bishop of Breslau, Monsignor Foerster, in his dual capacity as a German and Austrian bishop, is mediating between the Vatican and Prussia, through the Papal Nuncio at Vienna. It is stated that the Nuncio himself is now in communication with the Prussian embassy at Vienna.

Twenty-two hundred workmen employed on the St. Gothard Tunnel, in Switzerland, struck work July 29, and became riotous. They blocked the northern end of the tunnel, and the government was obliged to send troops to disperse them. The soldiers fired on the men, and killed two and wounded several others.

In the French Assembly, July 29, M. Raoul Duval asked the government why the United States has not paid to French citizens the indemnity due them for losses sustained during the civil war, while the claims of other foreigners had been settled. The Duke Decazes, Minister of Foreign Affairs, in reply said the indemnity due to other foreigners was likewise unpaid. President Grant, in his last message to Congress, recommended it to take legislative action on this matter. Congress, however, had not moved yet. In conclusion the Duke Decazes said he had full confidence in the good faith of the American government.

In Bavaria the ultramontane Baron Loe has been sentenced to six months' imprisonment for a treasonable speech made in October, 1873. Herr Sigl, editor of the ultramontane *Vaterland*, has also been sent to prison for ten months for treasonable utterances.

The Prussian government continues to receive from prominent members of the Roman Catholic clergy their submission to the law relating to the administration of church property.

OFF THE SCENT.

A SELTZER-WATER CART—A STREET SCENE IN BERLIN, PRUSSIA.

The Clergyman's Confession.

By WILKIE COLLINS.

First Part.

I.

MY brother, the clergyman, looked over my shoulder, before I was aware of him, and discovered that the volume which completely absorbed my attention was a collection of famous Trials, published in a new edition and in a popular form.

He laid his finger on the Trial which I happened to be reading at the moment. I looked up at him: his face startled me. He had turned pale. His eyes were fixed on the open page of the book with an expression which puzzled and alarmed me.

"My dear fellow," I said, "what in the world is the matter with you?"

He answered in an odd, absent manner, still keeping his finger on the open page.

"I had almost forgotten," he said. "And this reminds me."

"Reminds you of what?" I asked. "You don't mean to say you know any thing about the Trial?"

"I know this," he said: "the prisoner was guilty."

"Guilty?" I repeated. "Why, the man was acquitted by the jury, with the full approval of the judge! What can you possibly mean?"

"There are circumstances connected with that Trial," my brother answered, "which were never communicated to the judge or the jury—which were never so much as hinted or whispered in court. *I* know them—of my own knowledge, by my own personal experience. They are very sad, very strange, very terrible. I have mentioned them to no mortal creature. I have done my best to forget them. You—quite innocently—have brought them back to my mind. They oppress, they distress, me. I wish I had found you reading any book in your library except *that* book!"

My curiosity was now strongly excited. I spoke out plainly.

"Might it not relieve your mind," I suggested, "if you admitted some one into your confidence? You might surely tell your brother what you are unwilling to mention to persons less nearly related to you. We have followed different professions, and have lived in different countries, since we were boys at school. But you know you can trust me."

He considered a little with himself.

"Yes," he said, "I know I can trust you." He waited a moment, and then he surprised me by a strange question.

"Do you believe," he asked, "that the spirits of the dead can return to earth and show themselves to the living?"

I answered cautiously, adopting as my own the words of a great English writer touching the subject of ghosts.

"You ask me a question," I said, "which, after five thousand years, is yet undecided. On that account alone it is a question not to be trifled with."

My reply seemed to satisfy him.

"You suggested just now," he resumed, "that it might relieve my mind if I took you into my confidence. You may be right; and, as my nearest living relative, you are certainly the fittest person whom I can trust. Promise me that you will keep what I tell you a secret as long as I live. After my death I care little what happens. Let the story of my strange experience be added to the published experience of those other men who have seen what I have seen, and who believe what I believe. The world will not be the worse, and may be the better, for knowing one day what I am now about to confide to your ear alone."

He began his narrative, as nearly as I can remember, in these words:

II.

On a fine summer evening, many years since, I left my chambers in the Temple to meet a fellow-student who had proposed to me a night's amusement in the public gardens at Cremorne. You had then gone out to India, and I had just taken my degree at Oxford. I had sadly disappointed my father by choosing the Law as my profession in preference to the Church. At that time, to own the truth, I had no serious intention of following any special vocation. I simply wanted an excuse for enjoying the pleasures of a London life. The study of the law supplied me with that excuse, and I chose the Law as my profession accordingly.

On reaching the place at which we had arranged to meet, I found that my friend had not kept his appointment. After waiting vainly for ten minutes, my patience gave way, and I went into the Gardens by myself.

I took two or three turns round the platform devoted to the dancers without discovering my fellow-student, and without seeing any other person with whom I happened to be acquainted at that time.

For some reason which I can not now remember, I was not in my usual good spirits that evening. The noisy music jarred on my nerves; the sight of the gaping crowd round the platform irritated me; the blandishments of the painted ladies of the profession of pleasure saddened and disgusted me. I opened my cigar-case, and turned aside into one of the quiet by-walks of the Gardens.

A man who is habitually careful in choosing his cigar has this advantage over a man who is habitually careless: he can always count on smoking the best cigar in his case, down to the last. I was still absorbed in choosing *my* cigar when I heard these words behind me, spoken in a foreign accent, and in a woman's voice:

"Leave me directly, Sir! I wish to have nothing to say to you."

I turned round and discovered a little lady, very simply and tastefully dressed, who looked both angry and alarmed as she rapidly passed me on her way to the more frequented part of the Gardens. A man (evidently the worse for the wine he had drunk in the course of the evening) was following her, and was pressing his tipsy attentions on her with the coarsest insolence of speech and manner. She was young and pretty, and she cast one entreating look at me as she went by which it was not in manhood—perhaps I ought to say in young manhood—to resist.

I instantly stepped forward to protect her, careless whether I involved myself in a discreditable quarrel with a blackguard or not. As a matter of course, the fellow resented my interference, and my temper gave way. Fortunately for me, just as I lifted my hand to knock him down, a policeman appeared, who had noticed that he was drunk, and who settled the dispute officially by turning him out of the Gardens.

I led her away from the crowd that had collected. She was evidently frightened—I felt her hand trembling on my arm—but she had one great merit: she made no fuss about it.

"If I can sit down for a few minutes," she said, in her pretty foreign accent, "I shall soon be myself again, and I shall not trespass any farther on your kindness. I thank you very much, Sir, for taking care of me."

We sat down on a bench in a retired part of the Gardens, near a little fountain. A row of lighted lamps ran around the outer rim of the basin. I could see her plainly.

I have spoken of her as "a little lady." I could not have described her more correctly in three words.

Her figure was slight and small. She was a well-made miniature of a woman from head to foot. Her hair and her eyes were both dark. The hair curled naturally; the expression of the eyes was quiet and rather sad; the complexion, as I then saw it, very pale; the little mouth perfectly charming. I was especially attracted, I remember, by the carriage of her head. It was strikingly graceful and spirited. It distinguished her, little as she was and quiet as she was, among the thousands of other women in the Gardens as a creature apart. Even the one marked defect in her—a slight "cast" in the left eye—seemed to add, in some strange way, to the quaint attractiveness of her face. I have already spoken of the tasteful simplicity of her dress. I ought now to add that it was not made of any costly material, and that she wore no jewels or ornaments of any sort. My little lady was not rich. Even a man's eye could see that.

She was perfectly unembarrassed and unaffected. We fell as easily into talk as if we had been friends instead of strangers.

I asked how it was that she had no companion to take care of her. "You are too young and too pretty," I said, in my blunt English way, "to trust yourself alone in such a place as this."

She took no notice of the compliment. She calmly put it away from her as if it had not reached her ears.

"I have no friend to take care of me," she said, simply. "I was sad and sorry this evening, all by myself, and I thought I would go to the Gardens and hear the music, just to amuse me. It is not much to pay at the gate. Only a shilling."

"No friend to take care of you?" I repeated. "Surely there must be one happy man who might have been here with you to-night?"

"What man do you mean?" she asked.

"The man," I answered, thoughtlessly, "whom we call in England a Sweetheart."

I would have given worlds to have recalled those foolish words the moment they passed my lips. I felt that I had taken a vulgar liberty with her. Her face saddened; her eyes dropped to the ground. I begged her pardon.

"There is no need to beg my pardon," she said. "If you wish to know, Sir—yes, I had once a Sweetheart, as you call it in England. He has gone away and left me. No more of him, if you please. I am rested now. I will thank you again, and go home."

She rose to leave me.

I was determined not to part with her in that way. I begged to be allowed to see her safely back to her own door. She hesitated. I took a man's unfair advantage of her: I appealed to her fears. I said, "Suppose the blackguard who annoyed you should be waiting outside the gates?" That decided her. She took my arm. We went away together, by the bank of the Thames, in the balmy summer night.

A walk of half an hour brought us to the house in which she lodged—a shabby little house in a by-street, inhabited evidently by very poor people.

She held out her hand at the door, and wished me good-night. I was too much interested in her to consent to leave my little French lady without the hope of seeing her again. I asked permission to call on her the next day. We were standing under the light of the street lamp. She studied my face with a grave and steady attention before she made any reply.

"Yes," she said at last. "I think I do know a gentleman when I see him. You may come, Sir, if you please, and call upon me to-morrow."

So we parted. So I entered—doubting nothing, foreboding nothing—on a scene in my life which I now look back on with unfeigned repentance and regret.

III.

I am speaking, at this later time, in the position of a clergyman, and in the character of a man of mature age. Remember that, and you will understand why I pass as rapidly as possible over the events of the next year of my life—why I say as little as I can of the errors and the delusions of my youth.

I called on her the next day. I repeated my visits during the days and weeks that followed, until the shabby little house in the by-street had become a second and (I say it with shame and self-reproach) a dearer home to me.

All of herself and her story which she thought fit to confide to me under the circumstances may be repeated to you in few words.

The name by which letters were addressed to her was "Mademoiselle Jéromette." Among the ignorant people of the house and the small tradesmen of the neighborhood, who found her name not easy of pronunciation by the average English tongue, she was known by the friendly nickname of "the French miss." When I knew her she was resigned to her lonely life among strangers. Some years had elapsed since she had lost her parents and had left France. Possessing a small, a very small, income of her own, she added to it by coloring miniatures for the photographers. She had relatives still living in France; but she had long since ceased to correspond with them. "Ask me nothing more about my family," she used to say. "I am as good as dead in my own country and among my own people."

This was all—literally all—that she told me of herself. I have never discovered more of her sad story from that day to this.

She never mentioned her family name—never even told me what part of France she came from, or how long she had lived in England. That she was by birth and breeding a lady I could entertain no doubt; her manners, her accomplishments, her ways of thinking and speaking, all proved it. Looking below the surface, her character showed itself in aspects not common among young women in these days. In her quiet way she was an incurable fatalist, and a firm believer in the ghostly reality of apparitions from the dead. Then, again, in the matter of money she had strange views of her own. Whenever my purse was in my hand she held me resolutely at a distance from first to last. She refused to move into better apartments. The shabby little house was clean inside, and the poor people who lived in it were kind to her—and that was enough. The most expensive present that she ever permitted me to offer her was a little enameled ring, the plainest and cheapest thing of the kind in the jeweler's shop. In all her relations with me she was sincerity itself. On all occasions, and under all circumstances, she spoke her mind (as the phrase is) with the same uncompromising plainness.

"I like you," she said to me; "I respect you; I shall always be faithful to you while you are faithful to me. But my love has gone from me. There is another man who has taken it away with him, I know not where."

Who was the other man?

She refused to tell me. She kept his rank and his name strict secrets from me. I never discovered how he had met with her, or why he had left her, or whether the guilt was his of making her an exile from her country and her friends. She despised herself for still loving him, but the passion was too strong for her—she owned it and lamented it with the frankness which was so preeminently a part of her character. More than this, she plainly told me, in the early days of our acquaintance, that she believed he would return to her. It might be to-morrow, or it might be years hence. Even if he failed to repent of his own cruel conduct, the man would still miss her as something lost out of his life, and, sooner or later, he would come back.

"And will you receive him if he does come back?" I asked.

"I shall receive him," she replied, "against my own better judgment—in spite of my own firm persuasion that the day of his return to me will bring with it the darkest days of my life."

I tried to remonstrate with her.

"You have a will of your own," I said. "Exert it if he attempts to return to you."

"I have no will of my own," she answered, quietly, "where *he* is concerned. It is my misfortune to love him." Her eyes rested for a moment on mine with the utter self-abandonment of despair. "We have said enough about this," she added, abruptly; "let us say no more."

From that time we never spoke again of the unknown man. During the year that followed our first meeting she heard nothing of him, directly or indirectly. He might be living or he might be dead. There came no word of him or from him. I was fond enough of her to be satisfied with this—he never disturbed us.

IV.

The year passed, and the end came. Not the end as you may have anticipated it, or as I might have foreboded it.

You remember the time when your letters from home informed you of the fatal termination of our mother's illness? It is the time of which I am now speaking. A few hours only before she breathed her last she called me to her bedside, and desired that we might be left together alone. Reminding me that her death was near, she spoke of my prospects in life; she noticed my want of interest in the studies which were then supposed to be engaging my attention; and she ended by entreating me to reconsider my refusal to enter the Church.

"Your father's heart is set upon it," she said. "Do what I ask of you, my dear, and you will help to comfort him when I am gone."

Her strength failed her: she could say no more. Could I refuse the last request she would ever make to me? I knelt at the bedside and took her wasted hand in mine, and solemnly promised her the respect which a son owes to his mother's last wishes.

Having bound myself by this sacred engagement, I had no choice but to accept the sacrifice which it imperatively exacted from me. The time had come when I must tear myself free from all unworthy associations. No matter what the effort cost me, I must separate myself at once and forever from the unhappy woman who was not, who never could be, my wife.

At the close of a dull foggy day I set forth, with a heavy heart, to say the words which were to part us forever.

Her lodging was not far from the banks of the Thames. As I drew near the place, the darkness was gathering, and the broad surface of the river was hidden from me in a chill white mist. I stood for a while with my eyes fixed on the vaporous shroud that brooded over the flowing water—I stood, and asked myself in despair the one dreary question: "What am I to say to her?"

The mist chilled me to the bones. I turned from the river-bank, and made my way to her lodgings hard by. "It must be done!" I said to myself, as I took out my key and opened the house door.

She was not at her work, as usual, when I entered her little sitting-room. She was standing by the fire, with her head down, and with an open letter in her hand.

The instant she turned to meet me I saw in her face that something was wrong. Her ordinary manner was the manner of an unusually placid and self-restrained person. Her temperament had little of the liveliness which we associate in England with the French nature. She was not ready with her laugh, and in all my previous experience I had never yet known her to cry. Now, for the first time, I saw the quiet face disturbed; I saw tears in the pretty brown eyes. She ran to meet me, and laid her head on my breast, and burst into a passionate fit of weeping that shook her from head to foot.

Could she, by any human possibility, have heard of the coming change in my life? Was she aware, before I had opened my lips, of the hard necessity which had brought me to the house?

It was simply impossible: the thing could not be.

I waited until her first burst of emotion had worn itself out. Then I asked—with an uneasy conscience, with a sinking heart—what had happened to distress her.

She drew herself away from me, sighing heavily, and gave me the open letter which I had seen in her hand.

"Read that," she said. "And remember I told you what might happen when we first met."

I read the letter.

It was signed in initials only; but the writer plainly revealed himself as the man who had deserted her. He had repented; he had returned to her. In proof of his penitence he was willing to do her the justice which he had hitherto refused—he was willing to marry her; on the condition that she would engage to keep the marriage a secret so long as his parents lived. Submitting this proposal, he waited to know whether she would consent, on her side, to forgive and forget.

I gave her back the letter in silence. This unknown rival had done me the service of paving the way for our separation. In offering her the atonement of marriage he had made it, on my part, a matter of duty to *her* as well as to myself to say the parting words. I felt this instantly. And yet I hated him for helping me!

She took my hand and led me to the sofa. We sat down side by side. Her face was composed to a sad tranquillity. She was quiet; she was herself again.

"I have refused to see him," she said, "until I had first spoken to you. You have read his letter. What do you say?"

I could make but one answer. It was my duty to tell her what my own position was in the plainest terms. I did my duty—leaving her free to decide on the future for herself. Those sad words said, it was useless to prolong the wretchedness of our separation. I rose, and took her hand for the last time.

I see her again now, at that final moment, as plainly as if it had happened yesterday. She had been suffering from an affection of the throat, and she had a white silk handkerchief tied loosely round her neck. She wore a simple dress of purple merino, with a black silk apron over it. Her face was deadly pale; her fingers felt icily cold as they closed round my hand.

"Promise me one thing," I said, "before I go. While I live I am your friend—if I am nothing more. If you are ever in trouble, promise that you will let me know it."

She started, and drew back from me as if I had struck her with a sudden terror.

"Strange!" she said, speaking to herself. "He feels as I feel. *He* is afraid of what may happen to me in my life to come."

I attempted to re-assure her. I tried to tell her—what was indeed the truth—that I had only been thinking of the ordinary chances and changes of life when I spoke.

She paid no heed to me; she came back and put her hands on my shoulders, and thoughtfully and sadly looked up in my face.

"My mind is not your mind in this matter," she said. "I once owned to you that I had my forebodings when we first spoke of this man's return. I may tell you now more than I told you then. I believe I shall die young, and die miserably. If I am right, have you interest enough still left in me to wish to hear of it?"

She paused, shuddering—and added these startling words:

"You *shall* hear of it."

The tone of steady conviction in which she spoke alarmed and distressed me. My face showed her how deeply and how painfully I was affected.

"There, there!" she said, returning to her

natural manner. "Don't take what I say too seriously. A poor girl who has led a lonely life like mine thinks strangely and talks strangely sometimes. Yes! I give you my promise. If I am ever in trouble, I will let you know it. God bless you—you have been very kind to me. Good-by!"

A tear dropped on my face as she kissed me. The door closed between us. The dark street received me.

It was raining heavily. I looked up at her window through the drifting shower. The curtains were parted: she was standing in the gap, dimly lit by the lamp on the table behind her, waiting for our last look at each other. Slowly lifting her hand, she waved her farewell at the window, with the unsought native grace which had charmed me on the night when we first met. The curtains fell again—she disappeared—nothing was before me, nothing was round me, but the darkness and the night.

V.

In two years from that time I had redeemed the promise given to my mother on her death-bed. I had entered the Church.

My father's interest made my first step in my new profession an easy one. After serving my preliminary apprenticeship as a curate, I was appointed, before I was thirty years of age, to a living in the West of England.

My new benefice offered me every advantage that I could possibly desire—with the one exception of a sufficient income. Although my wants were few, and although I was still an unmarried man, I found it desirable, on many accounts, to add to my resources. Following the example of other young clergymen in my position, I determined to receive pupils who might stand in need of preparation for a career at the Universities. My relatives exerted themselves; and my good fortune still befriended me. I obtained two pupils to start with. A third would complete the number which I was at present prepared to receive. In course of time, this third pupil made his appearance, under circumstances sufficiently remarkable to merit being mentioned in detail.

It was the summer vacation, and my two pupils had gone home. Thanks to a neighboring clergyman, who kindly undertook to perform my duties for me, I too obtained a fortnight's holiday, which I spent at my father's house in London.

During my sojourn in the metropolis, I was offered an opportunity of preaching in a church made famous by the eloquence of one of the popular pulpit orators of our time. In accepting the proposal, I felt naturally anxious to do my best before the unusually large and unusually intelligent congregation which would be assembled to hear me.

At the period of which I am now speaking all England had been startled by the discovery of a terrible crime, perpetrated under circumstances of extreme provocation. I chose this crime as the main subject of my sermon. Admitting that the best among us were frail mortal creatures, subject to evil promptings and provocations like the worst among us, my object was to show how a Christian man may find his certain refuge from temptation in the safeguards of his religion. I dwelt minutely on the hardship of the Christian's first struggle to resist the evil influence—on the help which his Christianity inexhaustibly held out to him in the worst relapses of the weaker and viler part of his nature—on the steady and certain gain which was the ultimate reward of his faith and his firmness—and on the blessed sense of peace and happiness which accompanied the final triumph. Preaching to this effect, with the fervent conviction which I really felt, I may say for myself, at least, that I did no discredit to the choice which had placed me in the pulpit. I held the attention of my congregation from the first word to the last.

While I was resting in the vestry on the conclusion of the service, a note was brought to me written in pencil. A member of my congregation—a gentleman—wished to see me, on a matter of considerable importance to himself. He would call on me at any place, and at any hour, which I might choose to appoint. If I wished to be satisfied of his respectability, he would beg leave to refer me to his father, with whose name I might possibly be acquainted.

The name given in the reference was undoubtedly familiar to me as the name of a man of some celebrity and influence in the world of London. I sent back my card, appointing an hour for the visit of my correspondent on the afternoon of the next day.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE BRITISH LION LOOSE.

AN extraordinary scene, to which Mr. NAST's vigorous cartoon on our first page alludes, took place on the 22d of July in the British House of Commons. Mr. DISRAELI announced that the government had abandoned for the session the Merchant Shipping Bill, designed for the protection of seamen against the infamous practice of sending them to sea in rotten and overloaded vessels, appropriately christened "coffin ships." Mr. PLIMSOLL, the able advocate of reform in this matter, immediately and violently attacked the government, declaring that the consequence of the abandonment of the bill would be the destruction of thousands of lives. He spoke vehemently and excitedly, using extraordinary epithets, stamping his feet and gesticulating wildly, setting the House in an uproar. The scene was unparalleled. Mr. PLIMSOLL first earnestly implored the government not to send thousands of persons to undeserved and unhallowed graves through the conduct of ship-owners of murderous tendencies. Upon being called to order, he advanced to the table and gave notice that he would ask whether certain vessels which had been lost, entailing great sacrifice of life, belonged to the member for Plymouth. Mr. PLIMSOLL added that he was determined to unmask these villains. In reply to the Speaker, he said he applied that expression to members of the House, and refused to withdraw it. Mr. DISRAELI moved that Mr. PLIMSOLL be removed from the House. The Speaker ordered him to withdraw his remarks, and he left the chamber, shaking his fists at the government benches as he went out.

Mr. DISRAELI soon discovered that he had made a mistake in abandoning the bill. Popular sympathy was entirely with Mr. PLIMSOLL, even though his violence was censured as impolitic. In the House of Commons several notices of motions and questions were given, all reflecting the depth of public indignation at the course of the government in withdrawing the bill. In consequence of the popular pressure the Premier consented to the introduction by Sir CHARLES ADDERLY, President of the Board of Trade, of a bill designed to effect the reforms advocated by Mr. PLIMSOLL, but less stringent than the measure proposed by that gentleman. It is doubtful whether it will satisfy the country.

A few days later Mr. PLIMSOLL read an apology in the House of Commons for his conduct, and retracted his unparliamentary expressions, but not his statements of facts. The order moving for a reprimand of Mr. PLIMSOLL was then discharged by an overwhelming majority.

IS THE ENGLISH CHURCH WORTH PRESERVING?

MR. GLADSTONE has written for the *Contemporary Review* an article with the above title. Always fertile, graceful, and engaging, his active pen seems never to grow weary of instructing his contemporaries; and he has returned with fresh interest to those ecclesiastical studies which were apparently the delight of his youth. Like CICERO, we might lament that so accurate and active an intellect should have produced only comparatively short essays and fugitive pieces, and that amidst the passing triumphs of politics he has to leave behind him treatises that will compare alone with the De Officiis or De Senectute. But who, while governing nations, can find leisure to meditate with LOCKE or PLATO? In his latest essay Mr. GLADSTONE is anxious to teach forbearance to the opposing factions in the national Church, and he enlarges with natural humanity upon the duties of the rival leaders. The English Establishment, he thinks very truly, has more to fear from internal dissensions than from any external foes. And there can be no doubt that the general feeling of a large majority of Englishmen is not unfavorable to their ancient Church. Even its Dissenting opponents have never shown any strong hostility to its rubric or its creed, and only complain that they have been deprived of their proper share in its government, its services, and emoluments. They claim that the whole English people of the Protestant faith are the natural members of the national Church, share in the ownership of its property, its cathedrals, colleges, and schools, and have been unjustly deprived by a usurping faction of their proper part of the religious domain. And hence it is not against the Church, but only its abuses, that a large section of the Dissenters aim their sharp denunciation. They would be satisfied if it would only soften its rigidity, and once more becoming truly national, embrace within its fold all the faithful of England.

But it is not from the Dissenters that Mr. GLADSTONE looks for danger, and his design is evidently to turn aside the blows which Churchmen are aiming at each other. He disapproves of all the penal laws that have been passed during the last forty years to produce uniformity in the Establishment. He glances unfavorably at the Public Worship Act of 1874, which was aimed at ritualism. He attempts to still the latest controversy which has sprung up in the Church as to the eastward position of the priest, which he calls *Orientation;* he urges that it does not necessarily imply an act of idolatrous devotion. To "face eastward," he thinks, in an "æsthetic sense," more natural than facing the congregation. On this point it seems a violent controversy has arisen; those who "face eastward" are held to imply the Real Presence, and are accused by their opponents of flat idolatry; and they retort the charge by asserting that their assailants, in turning their backs upon the altar, confess their adhesion to an unscriptural view of the sacrament. To reconcile this strife, Mr. GLADSTONE endeavors to convince the combatants that rites have no real doctrinal meaning, or, at least, may be supposed to have none. Like peace-loving Nestor or wary Ulysses, he would bring modesty to Agamemnon or silence to Thersites. It is not likely that he will be successful. So long as the English Church is an established one, and holds an immense and exclusive power in the nation, all its tendencies will be watched with keen solicitude, and even trifles light as air assume in its history an unreal importance. "It is said to have been declared," says Mr. GLADSTONE, "by persons high in authority, that a large portion of both clergy and laity do entertain the desire to Romanize the Church. I am convinced it is not so; but if it be so, our condition is indeed formidable, and we are preparing to 'shoot Niagara.'"

The English, like all Protestant churches, rose into existence as a protest against idolatry. On a memorable day in EDWARD's reign all England turned to destroying its idols. The images were torn from the shrines; the painted windows were often dashed in pieces; the relics, cased in gems and gold, were robbed of their wealth and flung away; even the altars were thrown down, and the sacrament was administered on a table in the middle of the church. Every motion was abandoned, every symbol distrusted, that seemed to recall the dying superstitions. As MOSES purged away the idols of Israel, as MOHAMMED expelled the false gods of the Kaaba, as Melcarth and Baal, Jupiter and even Minerva, had seemed to PAUL and JOHN, the people of England dashed to pieces their idols, and purified every cathedral and church throughout the land. The wonderful change was completed in EDWARD's brief reign, and amidst its treacherous and sanguinary scenes CRANMER composed, modified, and refined that graceful and touching ritual which satisfies all spiritual aspirations, adapts itself to all earthly circumstances, and the Church which Mr. GLADSTONE would save from self-destruction was founded. But it was not the same Church. The plan of the English reformers was more liberal even than that which Mr. GLADSTONE suggests, and Calvinists and Lutherans, prelatists and Presbyterians, were evidently meant to be included in its bosom, as the sharers of all its privileges. If it would be safer than it has ever been before, to such a wide comprehensiveness must the English Establishment come. It must welcome the Dissenters as its long-lost members, admit their claims, and invite their clergy to preach in Westminster and St. Paul's.

Here in our new land we have no desire to maintain established churches. Our churches prefer to maintain themselves. Our government is not embarrassed by a connection with any sect, and religion is honored among us because it is independent and free. Yet we can sympathize with Mr. GLADSTONE in his effort to soothe the strife of religious factions, and if any thing can prevent his national Church from "shooting Niagara," it is plainly that spirit of peace which he so gracefully inculcates.

EUGENE LAWRENCE.

RELIGIOUS INTELLIGENCE.

Calendar.

AUGUST.

Sunday, 15.—Twelfth Sunday after Trinity.
Sunday, 22.—Thirteenth Sunday after Trinity.
Tuesday, 24.—St. Bartholomew.
Sunday, 29.—Fourteenth Sunday after Trinity.

SEPTEMBER.

Sunday, 5.—Fifteenth Sunday after Trinity.
Sunday, 12.—Sixteenth Sunday after Trinity.
Sunday, 19.—Seventeenth Sunday after Trinity.
Tuesday, 21.—St. Matthew.
Sunday, 26.—Eighteenth Sunday after Trinity.
Wednesday, 29.—St. Michael and All Angels.

THE famous GUIBORD case, in which an order was given by the Privy Council of England directing that the body of a Canadian of that name be buried in consecrated ground, is not likely to come to its close without farther contention. Pending the arrival of the decree from England, the curé, M. ROUSSELOT, has published a letter in which he declares that he will not obey the orders of the English government. He says: "This day I do not recognize more than in 1869 the right of the civil authorities to interfere in questions which belong only to the ecclesiastical domain; and notwithstanding my deep respect for our gracious sovereign and my perfect submission to her authority in every thing that belongs to civil matters, I am and will always be obliged to refuse sepulture to J. GUIBORD in consecrated ground so long as my bishop forbids me to grant it." GUIBORD, it will be remembered, was a member of the "Canadian Institute," an association which came under the ban of the Bishop of Montreal because it had some Voltairean books in its library. The Institute refused to remove the books at the bishop's dictation, whereupon he ordered that the body of GUIBORD should be refused Catholic burial. GUIBORD was owner of a lot in the consecrated ground of the cemetery; in that lot his wife is buried. The refusal of burial for his remains in his own lot is one of the most high-handed outrages that the Catholic hierarchy has yet attempted in the Dominion of Canada. The issue has been fought with great pertinacity on both sides, and there is no question that in the end the priests will have to submit.

The hot debate now going on in the Church of England is occasionally relieved by flashes of humor. *Punch* suggests as a cry for Convocation, "Old clo', old clo'!" The *Church Times* (extreme High-Church) puts the following under the head of Sporting Intelligence: "First of July.—Parson-hauling begins. Church Association hounds meet at Lambeth. We believe the noble master will ride his own horse Disestablishment, out of Divorce." Another castigates in verse the Archbishop of Canterbury for remembering his relations too well in the distribution of patronage. The rhyme runs thus:

"Under Archbishop TAIT
A poor curate may wait
For preferment till doomsday, no sooner,
If he can not claim
The family name
Of a CONNELL, a MAXWELL, or SPOONER."

The collections taken up in London on Hospital-Sunday for the benefit of the hospitals of the metropolis have reached £27,300. This is within £800 of last year.

The company of the English revisers of the Old Testament had a long session in London, from June 29 to July 9. They have advanced as far as the 52d chapter of Isaiah.

Dr. SHIPMAN, the bishop elect of the Protestant Episcopal diocese of Wisconsin, in declining the office, assigns as his reason that the "way to accepting" the office seems to be "providentially closed against" him.

In the London *Times* of July 12 Dean HOWSON publishes a reply to Mr. GLADSTONE's essay in the *Contemporary Review* on the preservation of the Church of England. Mr. GLADSTONE argued for a toleration of the "eastward position" of the officiating clergyman (or, as he prefers to call it, Orientation) in the celebration of the Lord's Supper. The dean's contention is that the eastward position has for many a doctrinal significance, and is not as harmless as Mr. GLADSTONE claims it to be. He thus states the doctrine of the Church, as he understands it: "In the Prayer-book, as in the Gospels and the First Epistle to the Corinthians, the Holy Communion is presented to us not in the light of an offering to God, but under the aspect of a blessing communicated to us, by the participation in which we keep the Saviour in perpetual remembrance. At present our words and our ceremonies during the Communion service are in harmony with each other. The authoritative allowance of 'Orientation' in the consecration prayer of this service would, as it seems to me, confuse our existing lines of doctrine, and, in fact, shift the centre of gravity of the Church of England from its present position."

The Vanderbilt University buildings, at Nashville, Tennessee, are rapidly approaching completion; they will be ready for occupancy in October next. The dedicatory address will be delivered by the Rev. Dr. CHARLES F. DEEMS, of this city. Commodore VANDERBILT is expected to be present.

The work of the American Baptist Home Missionary Society among the freedmen is prosecuted with energy. The Gordon House at Nashville, Tennessee, is in process of alteration for school purposes at an expense of $35,000; the Wayland Seminary building, in Washington, is approaching completion; the school at Augusta, Georgia, will most probably be removed to a more central position. During the coming winter it is proposed by the society to hold a series of "ministerial institutes" for the training of colored ministers and teachers in the doctrines of Christianity. Nothing better could be done.

JOHN W. GERDEMAN, the ex-priest of Philadelphia, lectured to an audience of 3000 persons in that city on the evening of July 28. His topic was "Ten Years of Priesthood." He had much to say of priestly luxury, immorality, and extortion of money from Catholic congregations. The lecture produced intense excitement. At its conclusion Father GERDEMAN was escorted to his carriage by Mayor STOKLEY and the chief of the city police.

The meeting of the Presbyterian Alliance in London was held in the church on Regent Square, of which the famous orator EDWARD IRVING was once pastor. The constitution adopted has been made public in England, but has not yet reached this country.

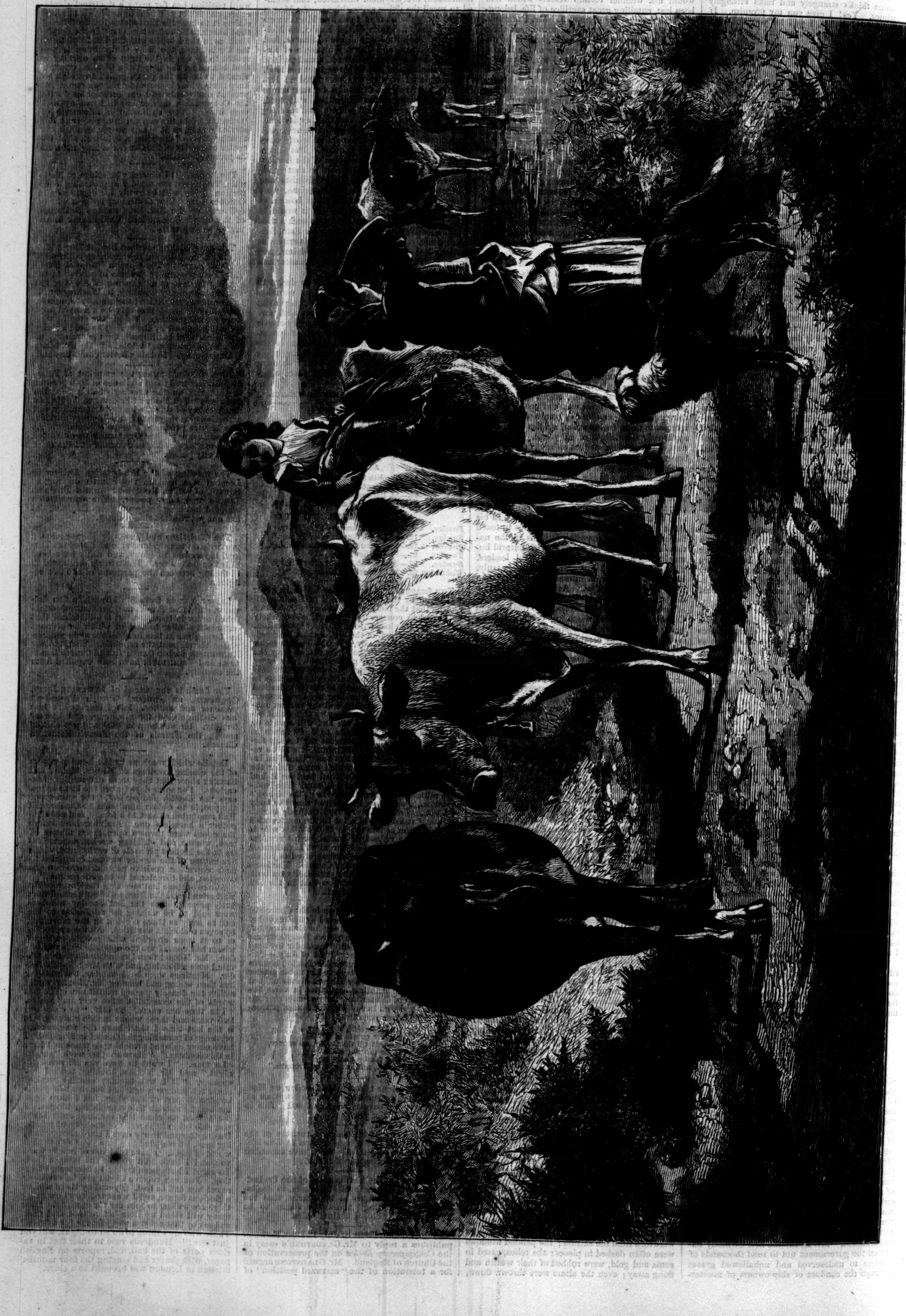
The Christians and Turks in Herzegovina, a province on the western side of European Turkey, have come to blows, and many have been killed on both sides. The trouble originated in ill feeling between the partisans of the two religions.

Later accounts from San Miguel, in San Salvador, state that President GONZALEZ has established order in that city. It is ascertained that outbreaks similar to that of which an account has been given in this Intelligence were contemplated throughout the republic. The Provisor RODRIGUEZ, Bishop CARCAMO, and Canons ORELLANA and VECHIDITTI have been expelled from the country.

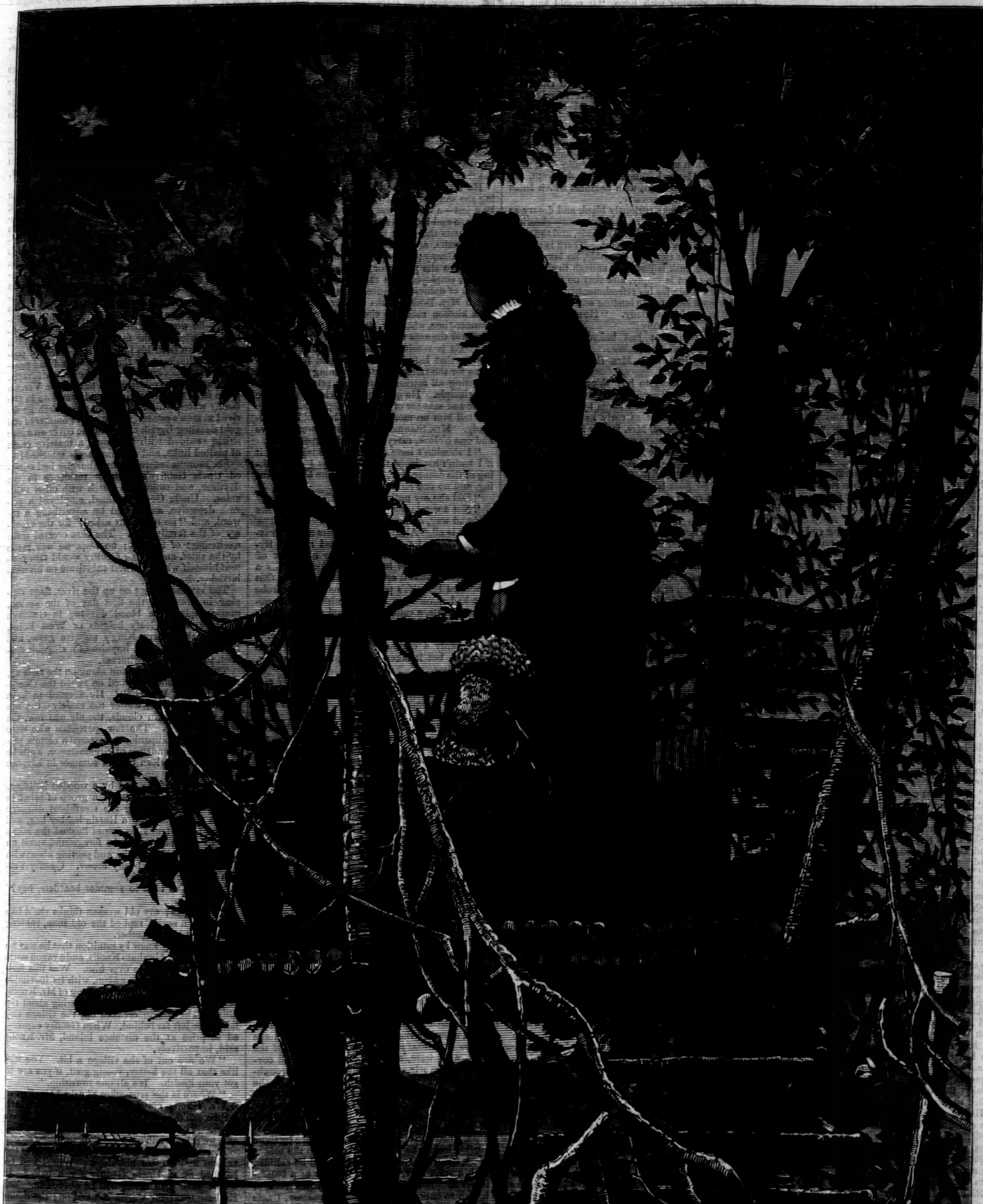
The death is announced of ATHANASE JOSUÉ COQUEREL, an eminent French Protestant preacher and author. His father before him was distinguished for eloquence and literary fertility. He was born in 1820, and was classed among the liberals of the French Reformed Church.

Details which reach us by the London papers of the closing meetings of Messrs. MOODY and SANKEY show that they were extraordinary occasions. For some days before the last service, says the *English Independent*, "the anxiety of the people to obtain admission to Camberwell Hall amounted almost to a frenzy, and not altogether a harmless one. Arriving long before the doors were thrown open, dense masses of men, women, and children worked themselves up to the highest pinnacle of excitement, which the nature of the service was not calculated to calm down. A positive panic occurred on one occasion, and threatened to become serious."

At one of these last meetings the Queen of the Netherlands and the Duchess of Sutherland were both present. On the last Sunday numbers were said to be waiting for admission to the hall as early as three o'clock in the morning; by seven o'clock it was filled. All the approaches to it were crowded with people, some of whom had come from the opposite ends of London. Mr. MOODY found entrance through a private house adjoining, and with the help of a ladder. Meetings were held outside, but nothing less than seeing and hearing Mr. MOODY would satisfy the densely packed multitude. The last words of the evangelist were very impressive. "The time has come," he said, "to close our two years and three weeks in this country. It is the last time I shall have the unspeakable privilege of preaching the Gospel in England. I have never enjoyed preaching so much as I have in this country." "Have another week," shouted a man. "I want to have you all saved to-night," said Mr. MOODY, looking toward the speaker. "If I was to stay another week I could tell you no more. I have not told you a hundredth part of the story, but I have done the best I can with this stammering tongue. I don't want to close this meeting until I see you safe behind the walls of the city of refuge. During the past thirty days I have been preaching here, I have tried to allure you away to that world of light. I have told you of hell to warn you, and I have told you of the love of God. To-night I have been trying to illustrate salvation. You can receive Christ and be saved, or reject him and be lost. By-and-by there will be a glorious future, and I want to know how many there are willing to join me for eternity. How many will stand up here before God and man, and say by that act you will join me for heaven? Those who are willing to do so to-night, will you just rise?" Hundreds rose to their feet in various parts of the hall, and, reports an English paper, with prayer and singing the four months' mission in London was brought to a close.



MORNING ON THE MOORS.



"UP IN THE CROW'S-NEST"—THE LOOK-OUT OF A HUDSON RIVER COUNTRY-SEAT.

TRYST.

"There is a willow grows ascaunt the brook,
That shows his hoar leaves in the glassy stream."

Under the willow, on a summer day,
He watched the breaking bubbles on the stream,
Eager, impatient, chiding eve's delay,
For one soft footstep list'ning till the gray
Cool twilight, falling, held him like a dream.

The gentle stars came out, but she, of all,
The fairest star, shone not upon his dark;
He felt the tender dew begin to fall,
He heard a nestling's faint and sleepy call,
And saw the fire-fly light his radiant spark.

—O haggard Fate! the thread is cut you spun.
He sees a fair face in the shadows gleam:
Pale, pale, poor girl!—her little day is done.
Kissed by the careless ripples as they run,
She comes to meet him, tossing in the stream.

[Published by Special Arrangement with the Author.]

DEAD MEN'S SHOES:

A Novel.

By MISS BRADDON,

Author of "Hostages to Fortune," "Lady Audley's Secret," "Strangers and Pilgrims," "Taken at the Flood," "A Strange World," etc.

CHAPTER IV.

"HAD THE CHANCE BEEN WITH US THAT HAS NOT BEEN."

Alexis speeds homeward joyously, elate as if he had conquered fortune. He has borrowed money from a social inferior, and yet does not feel humiliated. That interview with Richard Plowden has cheered him wondrously. The patient, gentle soul working at monotonous task-work in a gloomy back parlor, with no outlook save blank wall and cistern, working uncomplainingly, nay, even cheerfully, has read him a lesson. There must be work for a strong, healthy fellow like himself when a sickly cripple in a back-room can earn his living. Alexis begins to think he has tried life at the wrong end; that, in striving for some shabby-genteel, reduced-gentleman's occupation, he has overlooked those lowlier and less sophisticated avocations which offer themselves to every honest man.

"We'll emigrate as soon as the little woman is strong enough for a sea-voyage," he tells himself, "and I'll turn shepherd on the Australian downs."

Sibyl receives him with an eager look, full of questioning. She is sitting on the hearth-rug as he comes into the room, in her favorite attitude, looking into the fire, her ruffled hair golden in the ruddy light, her eyes heavy with thought or care.

His elated aspect tells her that he has been successful. She rises and runs to him, trembling with anxiety.

"Have you got the money?"

"Yes, Sibyl. Of all my friends, the one who could least afford to lose it was the only one to lend it. Here it is, little one. You must make it go a long way, for it has cost me sore humiliation."

"It was lent grudgingly, then?"

"No; but it was refused heartlessly by the wrong person before I hit upon the right one. Make the most of it, my love, now you've got it."

She takes the little parcel of money from his hand slowly, looking downward, and without a word.

"You are pleased, little woman?"

"It was very good of you to try so hard," she answers in a low voice.

She begins to busy herself about her husband's dinner without another word. This evening she gives him half a pound of rump-steak, an unwonted feast, at which his soul rejoices.

"I am faring sumptuously to-day," he says, as she sits opposite to him, pouring out the tea with a listless, absent air, which he takes for physical languor. "I have had a superb luncheon already."

All that evening Sibyl is unwontedly silent, and Alexis, not caring to describe his interview with Mrs. Gorsuch, has not much to tell her after he has related Richard Plowden's generosity. He has recourse to the tattered leaves of *Don Juan*, and sits sniggering over his favorite passages, and feeling as if he and the poet were both outside the human species generally, and could afford to ridicule and despise it.

He sallies forth early next morning, despite the snow, which now clothes the land as a garment, and goes straight to Brompton, to have another cheery talk with Dick Plowden, and to inquire whether that back-parlor philosopher has hit upon any method by which he, Alexis, may earn his daily bread.

Richard is hopeful. He has an uncle engaged in a large shipping agent's office—an uncle who would have obtained employment for Richard himself, had Richard's legs been more serviceable in active life. To this uncle, Mr. Sampson Plowden, Dick writes a long letter, setting forth his friend's capacities, and desire for employment; and, armed with this recommendation, Alexis speeds to a narrow alley out of Fenchurch Street. He sees Sampson Plowden, an active little elderly man, who asks him if he can write a good hand, and if he is quick at accounts. Alexis asks for a sheet of paper and writes a few lines in a clerk-like hand, taking care to dot his i's this time, and then volunteers to solve any arithmetical puzzle that Mr. Plowden likes to set him.

"Well, I'll take your word and Dick's as to the book-keeping," replies Mr. Plowden. "We employ a good many clerks, and sometimes have to send one to Australia, which makes a vacancy. The next time this occurs you shall hear of it. The junior clerks are in my department, and it's in my province to engage or dismiss them. I'll bear you in mind, Mr. Stanmore."

"If you could send me to Australia," hazards Alexis, glowing with hope, "it would suit me admirably."

"Well, well, that would be a matter involving much consideration. However, you shall hear from me at the first opportunity."

This is not much, but it is something; for Mr. Plowden looks like a man who means what he says, and Dick has given him a high character for integrity and kindness of heart. Alexis plods homeward, cheered and sustained by sorrow's pole-star, Hope.

He lets himself in at number eleven Dixon Street, the door being on the latch, and goes up stairs, prepared to find Sibyl in a brighter frame of mind than usual, busy at her needle-work most likely, the lamp burning, the hearth swept, the evening meal set out, with neatness which lends its charm even to poverty.

The room looks curiously blank and dreary as he enters it. The fire has gone out—cheerless sight, with that white world outside, and the thermometer below freezing-point. There is no tea-tray, no white cloth on the table, no lamp burning. The dusk is just light enough to show him that the room is empty, and that no preparation has been made for his refreshment.

He goes back to the landing and calls over the balusters to his landlady. "Has my wife been out long, Mrs. Bonny?"

"She went out just before dinner-time," screams a voice from below.

Dinner-time with Mrs. Bonny means one o'clock.

"She has gone to buy things, I dare say," thinks Alexis, "gone to London most likely. She ought to have been home by half past four, though, if she went as early as one.—Did she leave any message, Mrs. Bonny?" he asks, calling over the balusters again.

"No," replies the landlady, curtly, "she didn't leave no message, but she took a carpet-bag."

"A carpet-bag," repeats Alexis, with a puzzled air, as he goes back to the blank, cold room. "What could she want with a carpet-bag? To bring the things home, perhaps—foolish little thing! As if a parcel wasn't lighter to carry than a carpet-bag."

He gropes for wood and coals in the bottom of the roomy cupboard, and lights a fire, patiently, toilfully, not unskillfully, with hands which have learned many offices unknown to the elegant Captain Secretan, of the K.D.G.'s.

He is dispirited by his wife's absence, but not angry. That placid, easy temper of his is full of tenderness and indulgence for the "little woman" whose brief married life has been so full of care, who approaches the mystery of maternity under such sorrowful conditions. He lights his fire, brings out a loaf, a starveling slice of cheese, and some small beer in a bottle, and sits by the hearth to eat his meal in the fire-light. As he eats and drinks, his eyes wander thoughtfully round the fire-lit room, jets of flame flashing and twinkling on the wainscot.

"Not a bad old room by any means," he thinks, "if one had just enough money to live in it comfortably."

He fancies that in Sampson Plowden's friendship he has found the clew that shall extricate him from the maze of adversity. How happy Sibyl and he might be in this humble old room, were he but employed as clerk at Messrs. Keel and Skrew's, with a salary of say thirty shillings a week! Not an ambitious desire, surely, in a young man whose family history is set forth with some flourish in *Burke's Landed Gentry*.

"I shall have something pleasant to tell the little woman when she comes home, at any rate," thinks Alexis, as he sips the flat fourpenny ale, put carefully away after last night's supper.

A pert little flame spurts out of a knob of coal just at this moment, brightening the whole room, and Secretan's eye, wandering idly as he muses, is attracted by a spot of white upon the sideboard.

"A letter, by Jove!" he exclaims. "Who the deuce can have written to me, when not a mortal knows my address?"

He rises, listlessly, apprehending no advantage from the letter, lights the lamp, and goes over to the sideboard. The letter is from his wife.

"Dear Alexis,—Our misery of the last few months has opened my eyes to the sad truth that it would have been far better for both of us had we never met, or had we been wise enough to defer our marriage till we had some settled means of living. What am I but a burden to you? How many situations there are in which you could get your living, were you alone and unfettered, while I could at least return to the dull drudgery of teaching, and escape the pinch of absolute poverty. Do not think me cold-hearted, dear Alexis, when I tell you that I am weary of our continual struggle, and that I have resolved to end it by an act which may provoke your indignation, but which, I feel assured, will result in your advantage. I set you free from the burden of a wife whom you have found it too bitter a task to support. You have rarely uttered a complaint, but I have seen despair in your face often enough to learn that it has settled in your heart. Without me, you may begin the world afresh. Apart from you, I shall have opportunities of prosperity as Miss Faunthorpe which I could never have as Mrs. Secretan. If my lot changes, and fortune smiles, as I dare to hope it will, you shall hear of me; and even if you blame me for a separation which your anger may call a desertion, believe, at least, that in severance, as in union, I shall be ever your true and loyal wife,

"Sibyl."

Alexis reads and rereads this letter like a man who has lost the power of understanding his mother-tongue, and pores over familiar words as though they were the hieroglyphics of an Assyrian inscription.

So cold, so heartless, so deliberate! His heart sickens at the thought of such cruelty. In all his adversity, with starvation staring him in the face, he has thought of his wife as part of himself; has never considered the responsibility of providing for her as doubling the difficulty of existence; has never for a moment remembered that life might be easier to him without her. He has been sorry for her, has thought of her deprivations, her endurance, but of the burden upon himself—never. All hopes and dreams of a happier future have centred themselves in her. To win a brighter home for her, to surround her with comfort, has been his one ambition. Reckless as his marriage was, he has never repented it. Fettered hand and foot as he has found himself by that ill-considered act, he has never wished the tie loosened.

He stands with the letter in his hand, repeating the words to himself, incredulously. It must be a jest—a trick to test his love—any thing but the bare and bitter truth.

He puts the letter in his pocket, finally, goes down stairs, and penetrates the sacred domain of Mrs. Bonny; namely, the front kitchen, which is at once the parlor or living-room where Mr. Bonny, employed as a railway porter, tastes the sweets of domestic leisure, and the apartment in which Mrs. Bonny cooks for her lodgers. The back kitchen makes a cheerful bedroom, and in summer-time, when Mr. Bonny trains scarlet runners over the area railing, enjoys a rustic outlook.

Alexis is received somewhat coldly by Mrs. Bonny, that lady being intent upon frying sausages for the railway porter's evening repast, and resenting all intrusion upon her private domain on principle. He questions her closely as to the mode and manner of his wife's departure, but she can tell him no more than she has told him already. Mrs. Stanmore went out between twelve and one o'clock, carrying a small carpet-bag.

"I shouldn't have known any thing about it if I hadn't happened to meet her as I was fetching of the dinner beer, our Mary Ann being washing, and no one else to fetch it."

"Did she say nothing to you?"

"Not a word; she just gives me a nod, in her off-hand way, and walks on."

That is all. Alexis goes up stairs again, heavily, slowly, and paces the deserted room. By-and-by he pauses before a rickety old chest of drawers with brass handles and locks, opens a drawer, and finds it empty. It is the drawer that contained his wife's poor remains of a wardrobe that had never been richly furnished, a few under-garments, a collar or two, and so on. These she has evidently taken with her. Nothing could have been more deliberate than her departure.

Presently a curious idea occurs to him, improbable, but it takes a strong hold upon him, nevertheless.

Has she gone to make away with herself? and is this heartless letter of hers a tender device to save him the pain of knowing that she had been driven by despair to suicide?

This seems to him more likely, more natural, than that the wife he loves can desert him—can, with coldest calculation, barter love and truth against the chances of prosperity.

What those chances are he knows not. He is so ignorant of his wife's family and surroundings as not to know that Sibyl Faunthorpe is the niece of Stephen Secretan.

Why he is thus unenlightened is a question that can be only answered by a retrospect, and will be best answered in Sibyl's own words.

[to be continued.]

THE KNOLLS FARM-HOUSE.

The afternoon of May 15, 18—, was raw and blustering. Uncle Geoffry Vernon, trim, jaunty, and well dressed, as became a gentleman of carefully preserved maturity, first lost his temper and then his wig. The clouds shed spiteful showers, slaking the choking dust, and the wind came around the corner with a sudden gust, rattling awnings, clashing blinds, and wresting umbrellas from the grasp of pedestrians.

Humiliating accident! Uncle Geoffry had just raised his hat to Mrs. Burnton in her carriage, when the riotous wind took base advantage of the situation, seized him by the nape of the neck, as it were, and swept his head of all covering. The wig was borne down the thoroughfare. Uncle Geoffry sped wildly after it, and the finger of scorn was pointed at the unfortunate man, who, thus denuded of hair, looked, oddly enough, like an old baby. Stung by the lash of public derision, he placed his beaver on his head, where, no longer sustained in place by those curling locks, the hat slipped down to the bridge of his nose, like an extinguisher, and he collided with a stout lady, after the manner of a battering-ram. Before the stout lady could recover breath to express a righteous indignation, Uncle Geoffry, with the hat under his arm, had run the gantlet of the street, and paused before a small boy, who stood in the gutter holding the wig by a scalp lock, and gazing up at the neighboring windows to see whence it had descended.

Uncle Geoffry snatched the treasure, rehabilitated himself in a twinkling, bought one of the small boy's papers abstractedly, and hid his mortified being in the first omnibus. Now if Uncle Geoffry had not lost his wig he would not have purchased the newspaper sold by the small boy, as it was an organ whose political principles he detested, neither would he have taken an omnibus, which gave him leisure to read the sheet. An advertisement attracted his attention.

"The very thing!" he exclaimed.

Geoffry the younger, nephew and heir, sat poring over his Greek translation, a pale lad of seventeen.

"Read that, my boy. You have been studying too hard, the doctor says, and you need to be turned out to grass," said Uncle Geoffry, entering the room briskly, and spreading the newspaper on the table. Young Geoffry's languid eyes sparkled.

"Summer Board.—In the mountains, pure air and water, forest, lake, and stream. A farm-house. Terms moderate. Address Abraham Knolls, Northport, New York."

The result of this modest advertisement was that Geoffry junior stood on the deck of the *Daniel Drew*, on the first day of June, bidding his uncle good-by. A cramped and straggling handwriting had announced that Mr. Abraham Knolls would receive him.

"Come up next month," urged the nephew.

"Yes, yes," assented Uncle Geoffry, standing among the crowd of fruit vendors and cab-men on the pier. "The city is good enough for me, though."

Then the *Drew* swept away up stream, music piping a jubilant strain in unison with dipping flags, with rapid motion, and glancing, sun-flecked waters meeting the rim of blooming green banks. Summer had come. The young traveler glanced about complacently, proud of his Russia leather bag, his cane, and the manliness of seeking an unknown region alone. True, Uncle Geoffry would not have thus launched him on a watering-place. The farm-house of Abraham Knolls was a different matter. There was only one cause of dissatisfaction in his equipment—he wore a modern watch on a slim châtelaine instead of the family chronometer which was to have been his inheritance. Geoffry possessed enthusiasm for the antique, and had passed through successive stages of coin, autograph, and parchment collecting—a part of the Vernon pride in armorial bearings, and therefore in the family watch which he was to wear when he arrived at man's estate. Ah, what a glimmer of red gold dazzling boyish eyes—on the cover an azure shield studded with brilliants, a massive chain of plaited links, and dangling seals attached!

Six months before, a clever burglar had entered Uncle Geoffry's bachelor residence in the daytime, and stolen the watch with other valuables. Uncle Geoffry fumed, employed a private detective, and ended by advertising a reward, and "no questions asked," for the recovery of the family relic. The case created some excitement of interest; no response was made by the thief, and young Geoffry would fain content himself with a modest substitute on his next birthday.

The steamer swept on up the river, flags dipping in honor of the first day of the season, music piping, the blood dancing in Geoffry's veins; past the leafy heights of West Point, through the Storm King's massive gates, and thence, like the spent impulse of a sluggish current, to the Albany wharves.

That night Geoffry spun along on the railway, and next morning stepped on board the Champlain boat at Whitehall. He seemed to have followed departing winter too closely; the sun was veiled by thin clouds, the air was raw, the vegetation pale. The few sportsmen who were his traveling companions possessed a certain picturesque independence of circumstance, while he was the first forlorn bird of summer in advance of the season.

A long wharf, flanked by a wooden building, a village on the hill beyond, a group of idlers in muddy boots watching the steamboat disgorge a slim youth carrying a Russia leather bag, and followed by a trunk, as sunset flushed the lake's blue to rosy pink. In the foreground stood an old man carrying a whip, and peering about with keen eyes beneath bushy brows. Geoffry Vernon heard this remark,

"So you've took to summer boarders, hey?" from a clerk.

"Why, yes; my old woman thinks she'd like to try 'em a spell," replied the old man, rubbing his horny palms together.

Then Geoffry knew by intuition that he was no other than Mr. Abraham Knolls, and a vague sense of homesickness stole over him. Was this feeling due to the rickety wagon, with its inevitable buffalo-skin, the awkward greeting of Mr. Knolls, or the cold shadow of night gathering about the hills? The wagon creaked on, the village and lake were left far behind. When Geoffry expressed surprise at the distance inland, Mr. Knolls said, impassively,

"We are out of the village a bit. You will like that all the better, young gent, if you are to get your health. It's all one township."

"Where is the post-office?" asked Geoffry.

Mr. Knolls chuckled. "Got a sweetheart, mebbe. There ain't no post-office within seven miles. The stage can fetch your letters, Sir, and we'll be comin' and goin' often."

A wild impulse seized Geoffry to leap from the vehicle and retrace his steps. What! and be laughed at by Uncle Geoffry for a baby? It would have been better had he obeyed impulse. He hesitated; the wagon creaked on; the damp scent of pine-trees was wafted from gloomy heights above; the delicate fragrance of wild flowers ascended from the hollows; a squirrel ran along the fence. Nature was speaking to Geoffry, and although her language was but half intelligible, like the rush of the swift little river in the ravine, he obeyed her. The way became more lonely and wild; they had crossed a bridge, and the horses paused, as if from habit, at a spring brimming into a trough. A man emerged from the thicket, looked down the valley, and whistled a peculiar clear note. Then he approached the wagon. The horses pricked their ears; the yellow dog slunk beneath the vehicle apprehensively. Mr. Knolls was evidently disconcerted by this addition to the party.

"You back, Matthew? I s'pose there ain't no use in askin' where you've been last."

"Wandering up and down the earth, like Job, daddy," was the growling response.

"This is my only son, Mr. Matthew Knolls," continued the old man, turning to Geoffry.

The latter stared at the intruder with all of a

city boy's natural shrewdness of observation, and decided that the son was a rough, surly person, with the bushiest beard and funniest hair he had ever seen, nor was his appearance improved by a cast in one eye. This scrutiny seemed displeasing to the object, who, scowling at Geoffry, inquired, abruptly,

"What are ye doin' with him?"

"A young gentleman from York, Matthew. Your mother wants to take summer boarders. The winter's been uncommonly hard on us here," said the old man, in a wheedling, deprecating tone.

Through the gloaming the farm-house lights appeared, shedding a dim ray among the black trees. A matron stood in the door, a large woman with a querulous smile, and behind her a slender girl, pale as a lily, with golden hair, blue eyes that dilated as her brother Matthew emerged to view, and a small, obstinate mouth. Home-sickness pursued Geoffry from the close sitting-room, where supper was spread, to the parlor, a stiff and angular apartment smelling of varnish and dried leaves. In the chamber above the parlor, which was assigned him, low, plain, and clean, our traveler gazed dismally at the lamp on the table, and then out the window on the almost palpable darkness of night, where the stillness was rendered only the more lonely by the hooting of an owl or the trilling note of some insect.

"I am afraid it will prove an awful bore," soliloquized Geoffry, with a yawn. The door had a lock, but no key. He extinguished the lamp, and sank into the depths of a feather-bed, which almost suffocated by its luxuriousness. Sleep succeeded, deep and dreamless. He awoke with a start, his heart throbbing wildly. Hark! Was it the very silence, an oppressive influence, which had awakened him? He lay still and listened. The hooting of an owl was again audible; the curtain of the window flapped in the breeze. That was all. No; some object was moving slowly in the small room. For the first time in his life, fear, in a mysterious form, smote him, and the exclamation framed by his lips died away unuttered. The shape approached, bent over, and touched him. Geoffry held his breath. Was it ghost or robber? Like a gleam of light the remembrance of Mr. Matthew Knolls and the yellow dog slinking under the wagon came to his mind. The shape moved away again softly, and it seemed to Geoffry that the door was locked from the outside. Yes, he was a prisoner. After that the silent house became permeated with sound; a muffled reverberation, like the swinging of a massive portal, shook the walls.

Sunshine chased away every sinister shadow. In the sparkling, dewy freshness of the morning the farm-house was a commonplace dwelling enough, surrounded by green meadows, dilapidated barns, cackling fowls, and browsing cattle. Even the morning brightness could not conceal traces of poverty, however, in the running to waste of impoverished land. Geoffry's door opened readily. He laughed at his fears, and when Mrs. Knolls inquired how he had slept, made a careless response. He was ashamed of his cowardice. The girl Milly served him at table, while her mother talked aimlessly, in a rambling fashion, of the fresh butter, weather, and scenery. Milly's face, of pearly whiteness, wore a repressed expression, and there were shadows beneath the eyes. A curious girl, Geoffry reasoned, going about like an old woman, or a machine wound up by stern duty to a task.

Lilac bushes shielded an open cellar door outside. Geoffry, smoking a cigarette, plucked a spray, dropped it, and ran down the steps to recover the flowers. Mr. Matthew Knolls was dragging a bag across the cellar floor. Milly touched Geoffry on the arm.

"Would you like to go over the farm?"

Geoffry retained two vivid impressions of that day. The girl Milly, in a straw hat bound about with grasses, resembled Ophelia; yellow hair escaped in tresses on her neck, and the blue eyes wore a startled, troubled expression. She walked along quietly, petting the cattle, and followed by the chickens. When they reached the brook a crimson flush swept over her face as a cheerful voice said,

"Good-morning, Milly."

The speaker, a handsome young man, in a red shirt, with a scythe over his shoulder, had so much the aspect of an eager lover that Geoffry moved up the hill slowly. He was surprised to see Milly place her hands over her ears, as if refusing to listen, and run after him. Geoffry observed her closely. Milly's inherent honesty and goodness were legibly written on the transparent fairness of her face.

"Your brother is not a farmer; his hands are too white. What is he?" demanded Geoffry, abruptly.

"He is mother's only son," she replied, simply.

"Look here; I don't believe in ghosts, you know, but somebody came into my room last night, and then locked the door outside."

Milly plucked the daisies a moment in silence. "Go away," she said, suddenly. "We did not expect him back when we advertised."

This was the first impression. The second was even more startling. Geoffry spent the afternoon following the brook above the house with a fishing rod. Watching the sunshine glance through the quivering leaves overhead, and the brown water swirl about rocks, where tiny plants dipped their blossoms in the spray, Geoffry wandered on, until he discovered a man on the opposite bank. The man, wearing a velveteen coat, sat with his back to the observer, reading a newspaper. Geoffry was about to hail him, when the stranger laid aside the newspaper, and consulted a chronometer of red gold, with an azure shield on the cover. Geoffry again beheld his grandfather's watch! He was so entirely overcome by this discovery that his wits forsook him. The watch stolen, forever lost down on the sea-board, worn boldly up here? The man had moved away. Geoffry crossed the brook just in time to see him enter the farm-house. What was to be done? He spent an hour, flushed, excited, and bewildered, recalling every possible aid of similar experience. Should he boldly claim the article? Who would take his part if he did? Milly and the mother were easily cowed by the son. This son was evidently a bad man, possibly in league with robbers. Geoffry returned to the farm. The fowls were going to roost; the cows were being milked. It must be a nightmare. He went to his room and threw himself on the bed. He could not face these people until he had decided what to do. He declined supper on the score of headache. Mrs. Knolls made him sip tea, and left him for the night. At eleven o'clock he rose, imbued with a sense of dangerous adventure. He would recover the watch and go away. Cautiously he made a barricade before the door of the table and two chairs, then taking his hat and pocket-book, opened the window and slid to the ground. Milly was speaking in the kitchen.

"I shall not desert mother, and I will never marry John Townley. He's an honest man, and we are not fit for him."

"It's hard to be so poor," interposed the voice of Abraham Knolls. "Matthew's chose his own ways, Milly."

"If the city chap's abed, it's safe to turn the key on him," growled Matthew.

The yellow dog sniffed at Geoffry, who patted the animal re-assuringly. At the same moment a figure approached, raised the cellar door, and descended the steps. Geoffry followed recklessly, feeling sure that this was the man in the velveteen coat. The cellar was mouldy and dark; the man groped among the barrels, and struck a match as he reached a door at the end. Curiosity held Geoffry spell-bound. The rays of a lantern fell on an inner cellar, where silks, laces, and furs were heaped in confusion. The seals of the great watch dangled from the miscreant's pocket. Geoffry's eyes flashed. The lad sprang forward, dashed aside the lantern, and wrenched away the watch. Pure temper lent him requisite courage for the bold deed. As he rushed up the steps again a shrill whistle sounded in the cellar, followed by responsive movements in the house.

He ran along the road, climbed the first hill, and paused to look back. A light was visible, flitting from window to window; a faint sound indicated the crash of forcing his bedroom door, then the lamp was stationary in his window. Heavens! if he were there facing Matthew Knolls and his confederate after learning their secret! A second lantern twinkled in the barn; somebody was saddling a horse for pursuit. Geoffry fled, all the knights of romance of whom he had read trooping about him. He was alone in the night. If once Matthew Knolls overtook him, Uncle Geoffry would never know. A sob rose in his throat; he was in the clutch of brutal men afraid of his revelations. The sound of horse-hoofs struck sharply on his ear; he glanced wistfully toward the nearest house. Should he rouse the inmates? Instead, he ran on, hiding in a thicket as the horseman galloped up, and a doctor's gig passed.

"I am looking for a lad sent to us," said Matthew. "He's flighty sometimes, and his friends want it kept quiet. If you see him, pick him up, doctor."

"Dear me!" said the doctor, and drove away.

Geoffry's heart stood still. The rider went on slowly and cautiously, thus checking advance. Would Matthew Knolls ride between him and the lake until daylight, when he could be recognized? If he was pronounced crazy in advance, the other would surely claim him. Seven miles becomes a pilgrimage when one is on foot and tracked by a mounted man. Geoffry knew that he must make the distance before dawn. He became an elusive pursuer, walking on when the horse's steps were distant, and yet this measure required great alertness, for the rider paused to listen, and occasionally dismounted to examine the ground.

Oh, the darkness, the frightful loneliness, the danger lurking every where! A misstep might hurl him into the ravine below; a fall reveal his proximity to the enemy. Once Matthew wheeled about suddenly, and waded his horse in the rivulet to drink. Geoffry clung to the plank of the bridge, thus outflanked, within reach of his whip.

Dawn, cold, pale, yet deepening, with the village and lake close at hand. A tavern on the edge of the wood lured the rider; the keeper, just arisen, accosted him. Five minutes for liquor, Mr. Matthew Knolls, while a lad ran down the hill waving his hat to the steamboat already in motion, and sprang on board with the withdrawn plank.

Uncle Geoffry, sipping his coffee, was astonished by the advent of his nephew, who produced the watch.

"I found it!" Then followed excited explanations.

The two Vernons, accompanied by a detective, returned to the Knolls farm-house.

"There is a cool thief, with a cast in one eye, who comes from these parts," said the officer. "He's been a mendicant sailor, a burglar, and a pickpocket in town. I didn't know he smuggled and robbed on the border, though."

"That is Matthew Knolls, and he must wear false whiskers," said Geoffry.

At the farm all was peace. The cellars contained cider and vegetables; the son had vanished; the old people were nervous and dejected. Milly had gone to her aunt's until the wedding. Yes, she was to marry John Townley after all.

"You must have been dreaming," said Uncle Geoffry.

Geoffry the younger held up the watch in dignified protest. "I did not dream this back, Sir."

"Well, you have earned it."

In after years when illness attacked a sensitive organization it came to Geoffry Vernon in the delirium of fear, when Matthew Knolls, desperado, was pursuing him through the awful darkness, with solemn hills above and the rush of waters far below, and sometimes, across this darkness, gleamed a girl's face, like Ophelia's, yellow hair drooping on neck, and blue eyes forever terror-haunted.

SCIENTIFIC INTELLIGENCE.

THE steamer *Donau*, which arrived in New York on the 16th of July, brought as part of her cargo a consignment of living fishes, under the attendance of Mr. RUDOLPH HESSEL, an agent of the United States Fish Commission. These consisted of the common carp, the mirror carp, the common tench, and the golden tench, all important European food fishes, and destined to become equally prominent in the United States.

The carp is the only fish that has been domesticated, and it occupies the same position among fish that the chicken does among birds. It has been cultivated in Europe from time immemorial in ponds, natural or artificial, and furnishes an excellent article of food at very little trouble and expense, especially as it is principally herbivorous, feeding upon water-cresses and other succulent water-plants, not disdaining, however, cabbage leaves and the like. Although its flavor can not be ranked as equal to that of the finest species of fish, yet the rapidity of its growth and the ease of its maintenance recommend it warmly to our consideration, and it will supply the deficiency that now exists in this country of a fish capable of being reared profitably in the Southern States.

There are many varieties of the carp, among which there is almost the same diversity of excellence as an article of food as there is in poultry. Great care was exercised, in behalf of the Fish Commission, in the selection of those most worthy of propagation. The choicest is a form in which the scales are either entirely absent or else found only along the top of the back. In the one case it is called the naked carp, and in the other the mirror carp, and it is these varieties which Mr. HESSEL secured.

An equally important fish is the tench, of which specimens were also brought by Mr. HESSEL. This is also a rapid grower, a vegetable feeder, multiplies readily, and is capable of sustaining life in the most boggy waters. When these dry up, the tench buries itself in the mud, where it remains until the pond is again filled. It is the tench that has increased so wonderfully in Australia and New Zealand, where it now constitutes an important element of the food supply.

The third species in the consignment is the golden tench. This is a variety of a dark, olive-colored cyprinoid fish of Europe (the *Idus melanotus*), and having the same relation to it as the Chinese gold-fish does to its olivaceous original, in a condition somewhat allied to albinism. The species, however, is much more beautiful and attractive than the gold-fish, especially from its habit of circling, in schools, near the top of the water, and being continually active. The scales are as small as those of the trout.

Mr. HESSEL started with several hundred fish, but a large number of them died on the voyage. He landed, however, with about a dozen of each species and variety. These were promptly transferred to the cars, with the assistance of Mr. T. B. FERGUSON, Fish Commissioner of Maryland, and Mr. ALEXANDER A. KENT, of Baltimore, by whom they were accompanied to that city and placed in some carp ponds constructed expressly for their reception in Druid Hill Park, where they will be properly cared for.

These are all breeding fish, and it is probable that a number of young will be obtained during the present season.

As stated, the carp arrived on the *Donau*, of the Bremen Steam-ship Company, on the 16th of July. On the 17th the *Moselle*, of the same line (the North German Lloyds) left New York with four hundred thousand eggs of shad, under the supervision of Messrs. H. M. WELSHER and MONROE GREEN. These eggs will be hatched out on the voyage by the process of N. W. CLARKE, of Clarkston, Michigan, by which the development is retarded as much as possible. The young fish will be placed in water, and be in readiness for planting on the arrival of the steamer at Bremen. They will probably be placed in some of the upper waters of the Weser, where it is hoped they may soon establish themselves.

These shad are sent by the United States Fish Commission as a present to the German government in return for a quarter of a million of salmon eggs presented to the Commission by the German government some years ago. The North German Lloyds liberally furnish free transportation to their attendants both ways, as was done with a similar consignment last year.

According to late advices from Sydney, Mr. MACLEARY has started for New Guinea, to make a scientific exploration of that island.

Among the general scientific meetings for the year, that of the French Association for the Advancement of Science will take place at Nantes.

Nature announces the death on the 5th of February last, at the age of thirty-five, in the interior of Africa, of Mr. FRANK OATES, who has been traveling in that country since the beginning of 1873 for the purpose of studying its physical features and natural history. After spending some time in the Matabele country, north of the Limpopo River, toward the end of last year Mr. OATES proceeded to the Victoria Falls, on the Zambesi; and shortly after leaving, near the Makalake towns, he succumbed to the fever. The effects left by him, it is hoped, will be brought to England, as they include a large number of specimens of natural history.

An important treatise on meteorology has lately been published by MOHN, the distinguished chief of the Norwegian Weather Bureau. It constitutes an original German edition, with many improvements, of the work published two years ago in Norwegian, under the auspices of the Society for the Dissemination of Useful Knowledge. As was to be expected, MOHN has especially developed the ideas that he has for some years defended with reference to the influence of moisture in the air upon the movements of storm areas. His whole work, in fact, corresponds to the present condition of meteorology, except, possibly, that the attempt to provide a purely popular explanation of the mechanical laws controlling the movements of the atmosphere is somewhat unsatisfactory to the professional student.

In a letter to the French Geographical Society Dr. BESSELS communicates some of the results of the *Polaris* arctic expedition, and mentions that the pendulum observations are especially precise and valuable. The magnetic and tidal observations were more complete than any hitherto made in polar regions. The greater part of these latter were saved, and will soon be published by the United States government.

The Asiatic Society of Bengal, in consideration of the important labors of Mr. SCHWENDLER, have taken steps to influence the government of India to especially investigate the subject of earth currents on telegraph lines—a work which ought, in the interest both of science and art, to be taken up not only by the European governmental, but by American private telegraph companies.

The Norwegian Legislature has, it is said, voted the sum of $24,000 for the purpose of prosecuting deep-sea investigations between Iceland, Spitzbergen, the Faroe Islands, and Jan-Mayen Island, the operations to be based upon the model of those of the *Challenger*.

The mean height of Europe above the sea-level has been recently determined by LEIPOLDT, who calculates that it is about equal to 297 meters, which is 92 meters higher than the calculation of HUMBOLDT. The mean height of Great Britain is 218 meters, and of Switzerland 1300.

We take pleasure in reporting the appearance of a work by Professor WILLIAM BLASIUS, of Philadelphia, on storms, their nature, classification, and laws. The author has, as it appears from his preface, for twenty-five years occupied himself with this subject, but his work is free from that positiveness of statement "which is born of conviction," but which must necessarily await the calmer judgment of other critics. It contains some good suggestions, and the fullness of the information which it conveys, in a compact form, accessible to American readers, will, we hope, stimulate a more thorough study of the forces which are at play in all meteorological phenomena. It is to be desired that thorough investigation of our local thunder-storms and tornadoes may be made similar to that of the West Cambridge tornado, August, 1852, with which Professor BLASIUS has favored us. Of the importance of the cloud studies on which he insists, no meteorologist, and least of all those of America, can be ignorant.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

A SCOTCH clergyman, visiting in the parish of St. Ninians, came to a house where he wished to get a Bible for reference. The guidwife told her daughter to "look for the book on the tap o' the aumry." The girl searched, but could not find it, when the mother said, "Preserve me, I'm sure it maun be thereabouts some way, for we had it at the time o' the flitting." "And when did you flit?" said the minister. To which the wife replied, "Ay, let me see—it will be nineteen years come Beltane."

A Frenchman, near the Canada line, in Vermont, sold a horse to his Yankee neighbor, which he recommended as being a very sound, serviceable animal, in spite of his unprepossessing appearance. To every inquiry of the buyer respecting the qualities of the horse the Frenchman gave a favorable reply, but always commenced his commendation with the depreciatory remark, "He's not look ver good." The Yankee, caring little for the looks of the horse, of which he could judge for himself without the seller's assistance, and being fully persuaded, after minute examination, that the beast was worth the moderate sum asked for him, made his purchase and took him. A few days afterward he returned to the seller in high dudgeon, and declared that he had been cheated in the quality of the horse. "Vat is de mattaire?" said the Frenchman. "Matter!" said the Yankee; "matter enough—the horse can't see! He is as blind as a bat!" "Ah," said the Frenchman, "vat I vas tell you? I vas tell you he vas not look ver good—be gar, I don't know if he look at all!"

The chap who recently converted his hat into a brick-yard has plucked the feathers from the wing of a house.

A lady asked a pupil at a public school, "What was the sin of the Pharisees?" "Eating camels, marm," quickly replied the child. She had read that the Pharisees "strained at gnats and swallowed camels."

One of the most ingenious advertisements issued at San Francisco during the summer was the following:

"Ice, ice, ice—
If you want it pure and n } ice
And at a reasonable pr } ice
Follow no new dev } ice
But send to me in a tr } ice
at my off-ice, for I have the largest and best stock ever put up in this city."

Boswell complained to Johnson that the noise of the company the day before had made his head ache. "No, Sir, it was not the noise that made your head ache; it was the sense we put into it." "Has sense that effect upon the head?" "Yes, Sir, on heads not used to it."

JUVENILE PERCEPTION.

A school-mistress once asked a pupil to tell
What word the letters S double E spell.
The child was but dull, and so mistress cries,
"What is it, you dunce, I do with my eyes?"
"Oh yes!" says the child, quickly taking the hint;
"I know the word now, ma'am—S double E, *squint!*"

"We frequently see it stated," said Mr. Oddfish, "that such and such men started from extreme poverty, coming into town in the first place without a farthing of money, and rising by their own exertions. When I first came I had to borrow money to get here, and I've been borrowing money ever since. It is a great thing at sixty to have established such a wonderful credit."

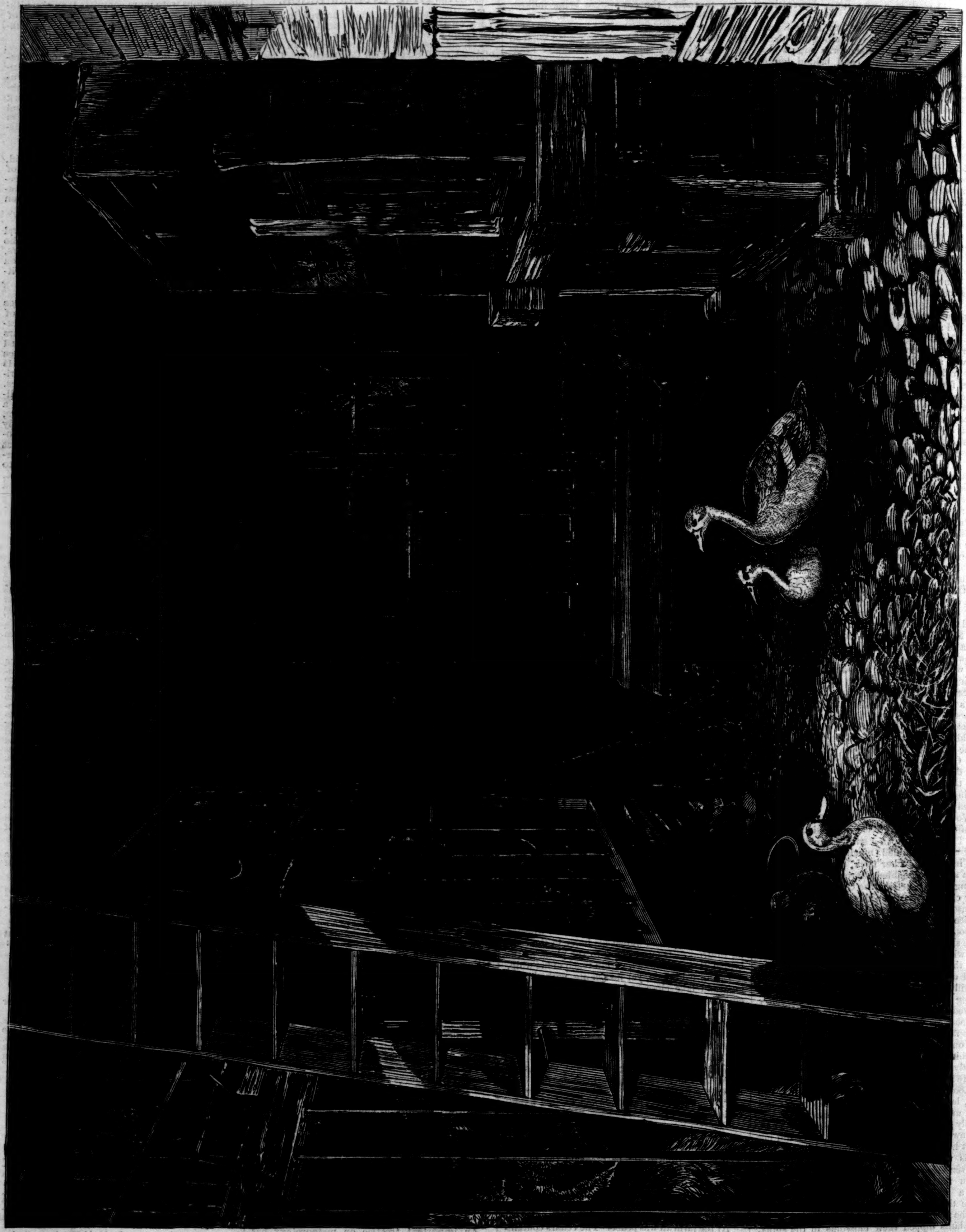
"As to opening oysters," said old Hurricane, "why, nothing's easier, if you only know how." "And how's how?" inquired Straight. "Scotch snuff!" answered old Hurricane, very sententiously—"Scotch snuff; bring a little of it ever so near their noses, they'll sneeze their lids off."

If all flesh is grass, is hay beef à la mowed?

In a case of a little over three dollars' worth of mutilated currency the government recently deducted two cents for dilapidation. This, the sufferer says, is like squeezing a quarter till the eagle screams.

A WILD-BEAST MART IN LONDON.

THIS illustration represents JAMRACK'S celebrated wild-beast mart in London. Mr. JAMRACK is well known as an importer of wild beasts, as well as of strange birds both alive and stuffed. He has also in the same neighborhood a most interesting museum of curiosities and antiquities. The drawing represents one of his departments where the large carnivora are usually kept; and it is odd to see the strange mixture of the domestic with the wild, especially in this place, as it is an open shed or stable leading to several others—the ducks quietly waddling under the tigers' very paws, and not paying the slightest heed to their movements or anger. A good many of the animals are kept in the very packing-cases they came over in. Mr. JAMRACK does a good bit of business with the "Zoo." The last thing that was bought by the society of him was the snake-eating snake, a picture of which appeared in the *Weekly* a few weeks ago. Before arriving at the shed the visitor has to go through a passage of inclosures containing birds of many kinds, mostly of the long-legged tribes; in another compartment, a species of loft, to which the ladder in our illustration leads, are kept the monkeys and smaller animals, domestic dogs, cats of all kinds, etc. Any visitor wishing to see the place will find a courteous welcome on the part of Mr. JAMRACK, who takes great pleasure and justifiable pride in showing his menagerie. It is one of the most interesting places which sight-seers in the British metropolis can visit, if they have any pleasure in observing animals.



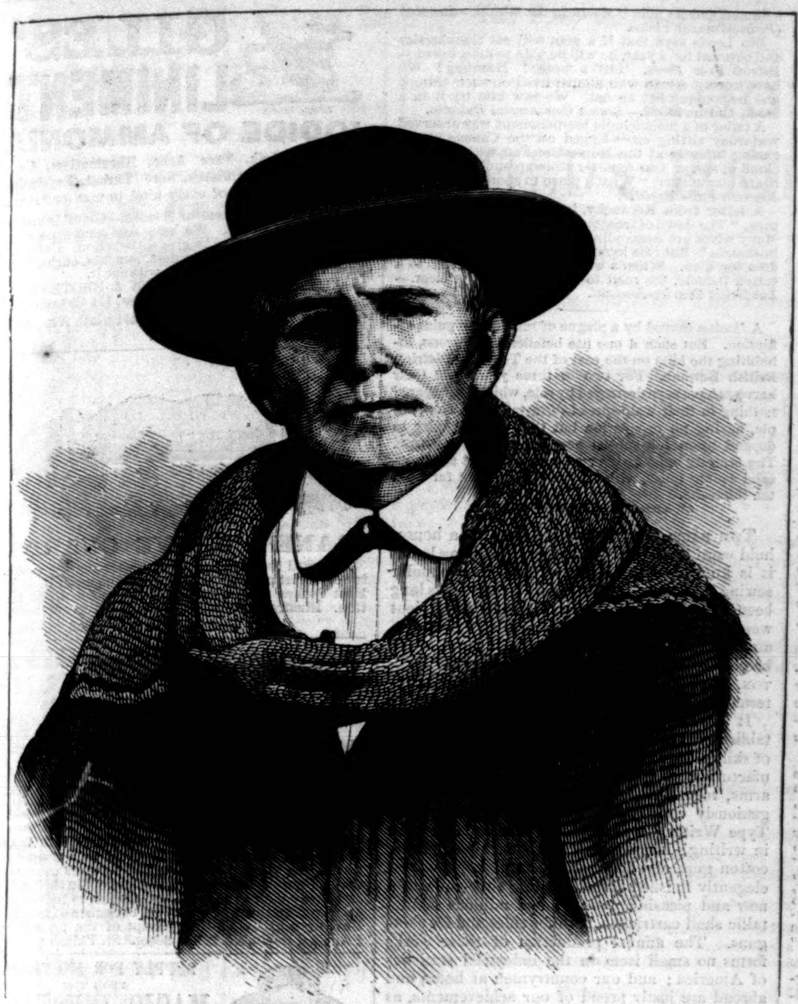
JAMRACK'S WILD-BEAST MART, LONDON.

THE MOUNTAIN MEADOWS MASSACRE.

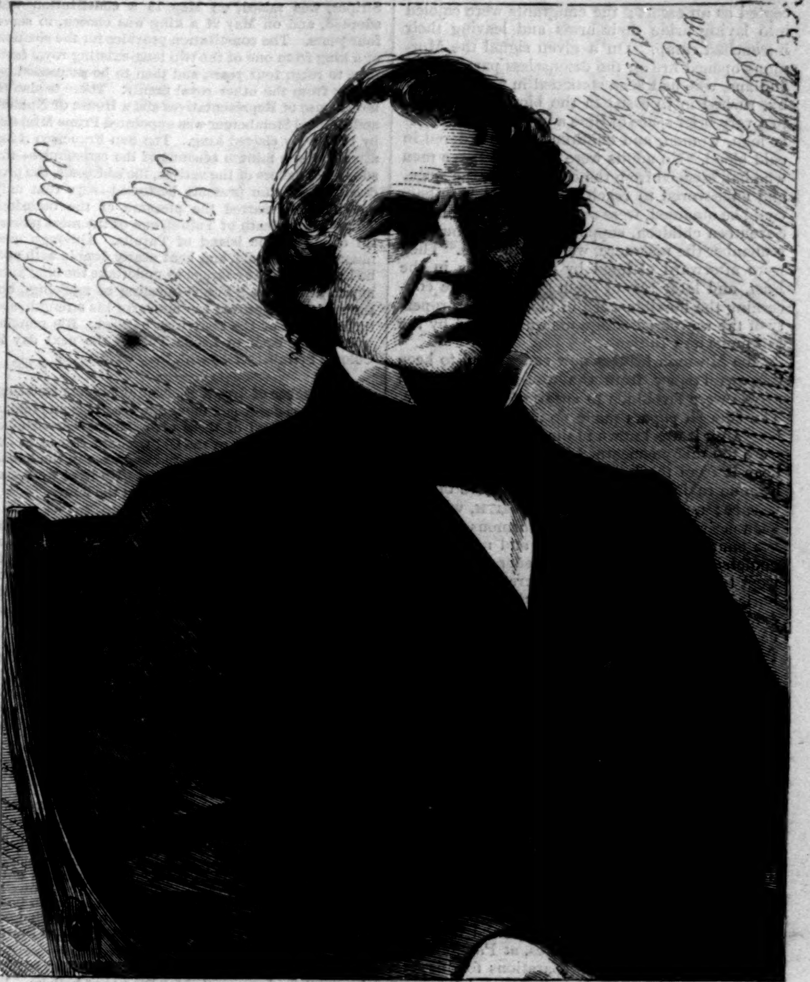
ON the next page we give the portrait of JOHN D. LEE, a deposed Mormon bishop, now on trial at Beaver, Utah, for complicity in one of the most cruel massacres ever known. In the summer of 1857 one of the finest emigrant trains that ever crossed the plains left Salt Lake City, where it had halted a few days, on its way to Los Angeles, in California. The Mormon leaders were at that time infuriated by reports that the United States government contemplated interference with "the Saints," and their anger was probably increased by the circumstance that several disaffected Mormons joined the train when it left Salt Lake City. BRIGHAM YOUNG declared in a furious sermon that if emigrants did not cease passing through his territory he would turn the Indians loose on them.

Probably ignorant of this threat, or disregarding it, the train proceeded westward until it reached a place called Mountain Meadows, where it was seen by an Indian agent. At this point, three hundred miles from Salt Lake City, the ill-fated emigrants halted to rest and recruit their stock before entering on the great desert which lay beyond. The Indian agent reported having met the train; but for some years thereafter nothing more was heard of it. It was said to be "lost." Gradually tales of blood began to be circulated, and the details of the awful massacre perpetrated by the Mormons and their Indian allies came to light.

The Mountain Meadows were then surrounded by several Mormon settlements. The bish-



JOHN D. LEE, THE LEADER OF THE MOUNTAIN MEADOWS MASSACRE.



THE LATE ANDREW JOHNSON.—[SEE PAGE 655.]

ops, while the emigrants were still encamped there, assembled their people and declared that they had received a command from the Mormon capital to "follow and attack the accursed Gentiles, and let the arrows of the Almighty drink their blood." Some sixty Mormons, assisted by a party of Indians, the white men dressed and painted like their savage but not more barbarous allies, surrounded the emigrants one morning before daylight, hoping to surprise them. But the emigrants hastily drew their wagons into a circle, threw up earth-works, behind which they sheltered themselves, and made an energetic defense. For a whole week they were kept under fire. Still they showed no signs of surrendering. At length the Mormons changed their tactics. They washed the paint from their faces, resumed their own clothing, and appeared to the emigrants in the character of rescuers who had driven off the Indians. They were joyfully ac-

COPPEROPOLIS, MONTANA.—DRAWN BY W. M. CARY.—[SEE PAGE 666.]

cepted as an escort; the emigrants were cajoled into laying aside their arms and leaving their intrenched camp. On a given signal the Mormons opened fire on the defenseless party. The Indians, who had been stationed in ambush near by, rushed in to assist in the bloody work, and in a very brief space of time a hundred and twenty men, women, and children were murdered in cold blood. No adults were spared. Three men who had escaped from the camp during the siege, and endeavored to reach some place where help could be obtained, were overtaken and murdered. Seventeen children, supposed to be too young to remember the massacre, were saved alive. They were afterward claimed by their friends in the East, and later two of them gave evidence concerning the horrible work of blood. The property of the murdered emigrants was divided by the Mormons and Indians.

The Mormon leaders now endeavored to keep the awful story from the world. Their own people were forbidden to speak of the massacre. The Church papers made no allusion to it until long after it was known in the States. But there were too many concerned in the bloody work to keep it from the light. One or two, it is said, became raving maniacs through torture of conscience; and Bishop KLINGEN SMITH, who had been active in rousing up the Mormons to attack the emigrants, fled to Nevada and made public confession before a justice. General CARLETON went to the scene of the massacre, collected and buried the bones of the slain, then took all the evidence obtainable, and embodied it in an official report. The Federal officials sought to bring the guilty to punishment, but Mormon grand juries refused to act. It was claimed that all transactions of the war period were covered by President BUCHANAN's pardon.

In 1871 the courts of Utah passed into the hands of non-Mormons, and then there was a change in BRIGHAM YOUNG's policy. He called a grand council, and solemnly cut off JOHN D. LEE and several others from the Church. LEE went into exile in the Indian country, and it was reported all over Utah that he was dead. But the POWELL expedition found him down on the Colorado, at the mouth of Pahreah Cañon, keeping a ferry for the Saints on their trail into Arizona.

Last winter this man was captured while visiting one of his eighteen wives, at Panguitch, in the Sevier Valley, and preparations for his trial were at once begun. It has required the most persevering exertions to get witnesses together. LEE was anxious to save himself by turning states evidence against his companions, but was not allowed to escape in this way. He is a peculiarly atrocious scoundrel. It has been proved against him that while the massacre was going on he dragged a lovely young girl from the scene; when she resisted and struck at him with a knife, he shot her. The prosecuting officers appear to be doing their work thoroughly. The evidence already brought forward convicts LEE as the leader in the massacre, and it is believed that the responsibility for the whole bloody scheme will be shown to rest on the head of BRIGHAM YOUNG himself. He has endeavored to evade appearing at the trial on the plea of feebleness; but the District Attorney firmly requires his presence. Both LEE and YOUNG declare that the guilt of the massacre rests upon KLINGEN SMITH, the principal witness for the prosecution. It is to be hoped that the whole truth will be brought out, and the guilty parties brought to just though tardy punishment.

COPPEROPOLIS.

THIS is the name given to a settlement, of which we give an illustration on page 665, situated in an extensive range of hills in the western part of Montana, abounding in rich mines of copper, but yielding little else. The copper is conveyed in huge wagons, each drawn by from six to nine yoke of oxen, to a point on the Yellowstone River, whence it is sent by steamboat to Bismarck, on the Missouri River, for transportation further Eastward by the Northern Pacific Railroad. Over 400 wagons are employed in this laborious work.

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

IN the South Pacific Ocean, between 13° and 15° south latitude, and 168° and 173° west longitude, lie the Samoan or Navigator's Islands, which appear lately to have risen into new importance. The group comprises nine inhabited islands, with several islets, and according to a census taken in 1869, the population is about 35,000. The natives are said to be superior in bodily and mental endowments to those of many of the Polynesian Islands, and the soil is rich, producing an abundance of tropical fruits and other substances of commercial value. In 1872 Commander Meade, of the United States navy, visited the Samoan Islands, and obtained the exclusive right for the United States of establishing a naval station at the port of Pago-Pago Bay, in the island of Tutuila, should it be desired. He also effected a confederation between the chiefs of the islands, and formed a code of laws. In 1873 Colonel Steinberger was appointed United States agent to explore the islands, and report upon their productiveness and the condition of the people. He made suggestions and rendered kindly offices, thus securing the friendship of the inhabitants, and the chiefs and rulers sent a request to the President of the United States that Colonel Steinberger might return and confirm a union between the governments of Samoa and America. He was therefore appointed Commissioner, and early in 1875 he sailed from the Sandwich Islands in the steamer *Tuscarora*. The San Francisco journals give detailed accounts of his warm reception by the people, and of subsequent ceremonies in connection with the establishment of a more stable government. Not far from 10,000 men, women, and children from the various islands assembled at Mulinuu, where the House of Government is located; and on April 23 a new Samoan flag, similar to the Stars and Stripes, was raised, on May 18 a constitution was adopted, and on May 21 a king was chosen, to serve four years. The constitution provides for the election of a king from one of the two long-existing royal families, to reign four years, and then to be succeeded by a king from the other royal family. There is also to be a House of Representatives and a House of Nobles, and Colonel Steinberger was appointed Prime Minister by the newly elected king. The San Francisco *Alta*, after giving a minute account of the ceremonies—the songs and dances of the natives, the addresses, the processions, and the presents bestowed—says that only one incident marred the pleasure of the occasion. This was the death of Tuiteli, one of the most powerful chiefs of the island of Tutuila. Although over ninety-six years old, and bent nearly double with age, he had summoned courage to undertake the long journey to attend the "Fono" (meeting of rejoicing), but the excitement proved too much for his strength, and in the midst of the festivities he died. His remains were taken back to Leone Tutuila the next day in Colonel Steinberger's yacht, the *Peerless*.

The number of fires that occur at summer watering-places and sea-side and mountain resorts is marvelous. One of the latest of these oft-recurring catastrophes was the destruction of the Old Orchard House, at Old Orchard Beach. There were 250 guests in the house, who saved a part of their goods. No lives were lost, neither was there any insurance on the house.

Thousands of acres of grazing land in certain sections of England have been inundated. No such flood has been known there for fifty years. The river Nene has been some fifteen or twenty feet above its ordinary level. On July 22 the rise was so sudden that the bedrooms of buildings along the river were flooded, and the inmates barely saved their lives.

All foreign goods intended for the International Centennial Exhibition will be admitted into the country free of duty, according to the act of Congress of June 18, 1874. The official regulations for foreign exhibitors give the following summary of arrangements made by the Treasury Department:

"Products brought into the United States at the ports of New York, Boston, Portland (Maine), Burlington (Vermont), Suspension Bridge (New York), Detroit, Port Huron (Michigan), Chicago, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Norfolk, New Orleans, and San Francisco, intended for display at the International Exhibition, will be allowed to go forward to the Exhibition Buildings, under proper supervision of customs officers, without examination at such ports of original entry, and at the close of the Exhibition will be allowed to go forward to the port from which they are to be exported. No duties will be levied upon such goods unless entered for consumption in the United States."

At Ocean Grove one hundred and forty-four bathing-houses have been erected for the use of bathers. Bulletins are issued every morning giving the exact hours when it is most suitable to bathe; and arrangements have been made for the protection of bathers, so that there is little danger of accidents.

In France they have a "Society for the Protection of Birds Useful to the Farmer."

The *Obituary* is the name given to a recently established London journal, devoted exclusively to funeral subjects.

In a volume recently published by Harper & Brothers—*Mohammed and Mohammedanism*—we find some very interesting descriptions of Mohammed's personal appearance, his domestic and social habits, and his peculiar characteristics:

"In his intercourse with others he would sit silent among his companions for a long time together; but truly his silence was more eloquent than other men's speech, for the moment speech was called for it was forthcoming in the shape of some weighty apothegm or proverb, such as the Arabs love to hear. When he laughed, he laughed heartily, shaking his sides and showing his teeth, which 'looked as if they were hail-stones.'... He was fond of animals, and they, as is often the case, were fond of him. He seldom passed a group of children playing together without a few kind words to them.... If the warmth of his attachment may be measured by the depth of his friends' devotion to him, no truer friend than Mohammed ever lived.... The most noteworthy of his external characteristics was a sweet gravity and a quiet dignity which drew involuntary respect, and which was the best and often the only protection he enjoyed from insult.... He was most indulgent to his inferiors, and would never allow his awkward little page to be scolded, whatever he did. 'Ten years,' said Anas, his servant, 'was I about the Prophet, and he never said as much as "uff" to me.'"

A mixture of two and a half ounces of olive-oil, one ounce of oil of pennyroyal, and half an ounce of tar is said to prevent trouble from black-flies; and, moreover, is not an unpleasant application to the skin.

Two Bibles one hundred years old were recently stolen from a private residence in New York. No other property was disturbed.

Separate schools are to be maintained for the benefit of the 163 colored children of the city of San Francisco, only 60 of whom attend school.

There is great mortality at this season among the poor children of the city. Mothers, with suffering little ones, are constantly applying for aid at the Relief Bureau of the Children's Aid Society. Three competent physicians are in constant attendance.

Madame Adelina Patti has offered to sing at the Paris Grand Opera, for the benefit of the sufferers by the French floods, on October 1, and her kind offer has been accepted.

A "farewell" will be given by Mlle. Titiens at the Dublin Exhibition Palace before she starts for America.

On the coffee estates of several districts of Ceylon a plague of rats is doing immense damage.

Midsummer weather has such a melting effect upon newspaper editors that their jokes keep leaking out in drops like these:

Paris has inaugurated a sensible system of loaning umbrellas at reasonable rates. There is millions in it, for man is so constructed that he will sooner borrow an umbrella than use his own.—*New Orleans Republican.*

At a school exhibition in Auburn, New York, on Tuesday evening, a chemical preparation exploded in the coat-tail pocket of one of the professors, and in a moment he was in a blaze. There was great excitement until they put the professor out. No insurance.—*New York Evening Mail.*

The model husband lives in Strasburg, Lancaster County. He never allows his wife to do more than half the work. She puts up all the canned fruit in the summer, and he puts it down in the winter.—*Reading (Pennsylvania) Times.*

Dio Lewis says that if a man will eat blackberries and oatmeal for a year, he will be able to lift a horse.—*Detroit Free Press.* Lift a horse! Humbug! We have known a man who almost lived on such things, and he couldn't lift an oat. We saw him try it in a bank, and he failed.—*Boston Commercial Bulletin.*

A tailor of a melancholic temperament was observed yesterday sitting cross-legged on the Canada shore, gazing intently at the Horseshoe Fall, with its thick cloud of spray. Our reporter stole up unobserved, and heard him mutter, "What a place to sponge a coat!"—*Niagara Falls Register.*

A letter from Kentucky, in the *Woman's Journal*, says, "The dawn of freedom for women here is begun. Many wives are demanding stated incomes from their husbands." But this looks more like the dawn of freedom for men. When a woman can limit herself to a stated income, the road to domestic quiet is clear.—*Louisville Courier-Journal.*

A famine caused by a plague of rats is a singular affliction. But such a one has befallen the Karens, inhabiting the hills on the east of the Tonghoo District, British Burmah. For two or three years past their harvests have been destroyed by rats, which have spared nothing in their wide-spread devastations. The people, having no occupation but that of husbandry to depend upon for subsistence, are utterly destitute. The scarcity extends over an area of about six thousand square miles, with a population of not far from ten thousand.

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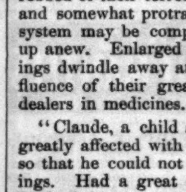

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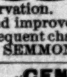

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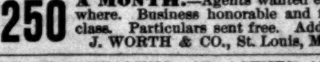

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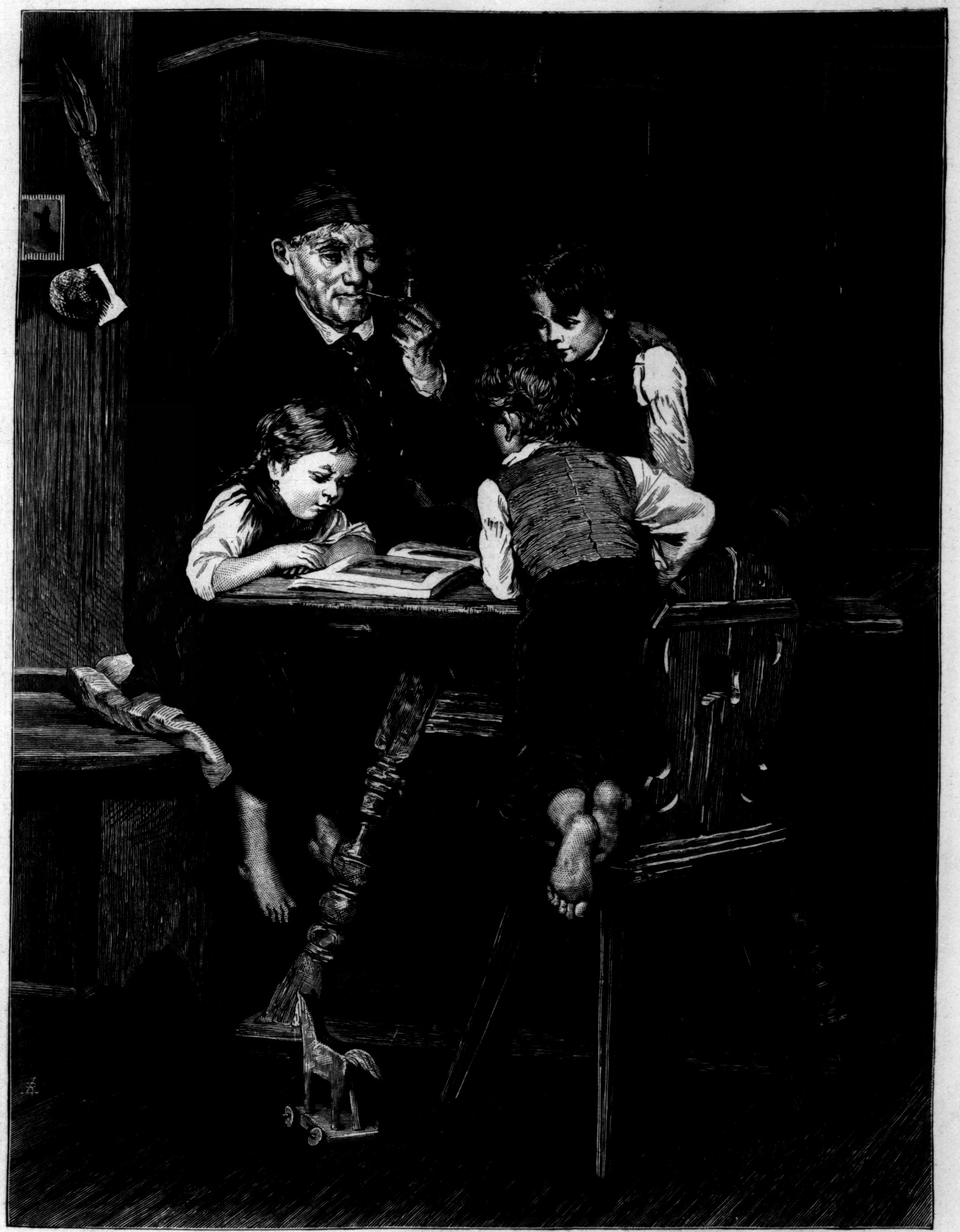


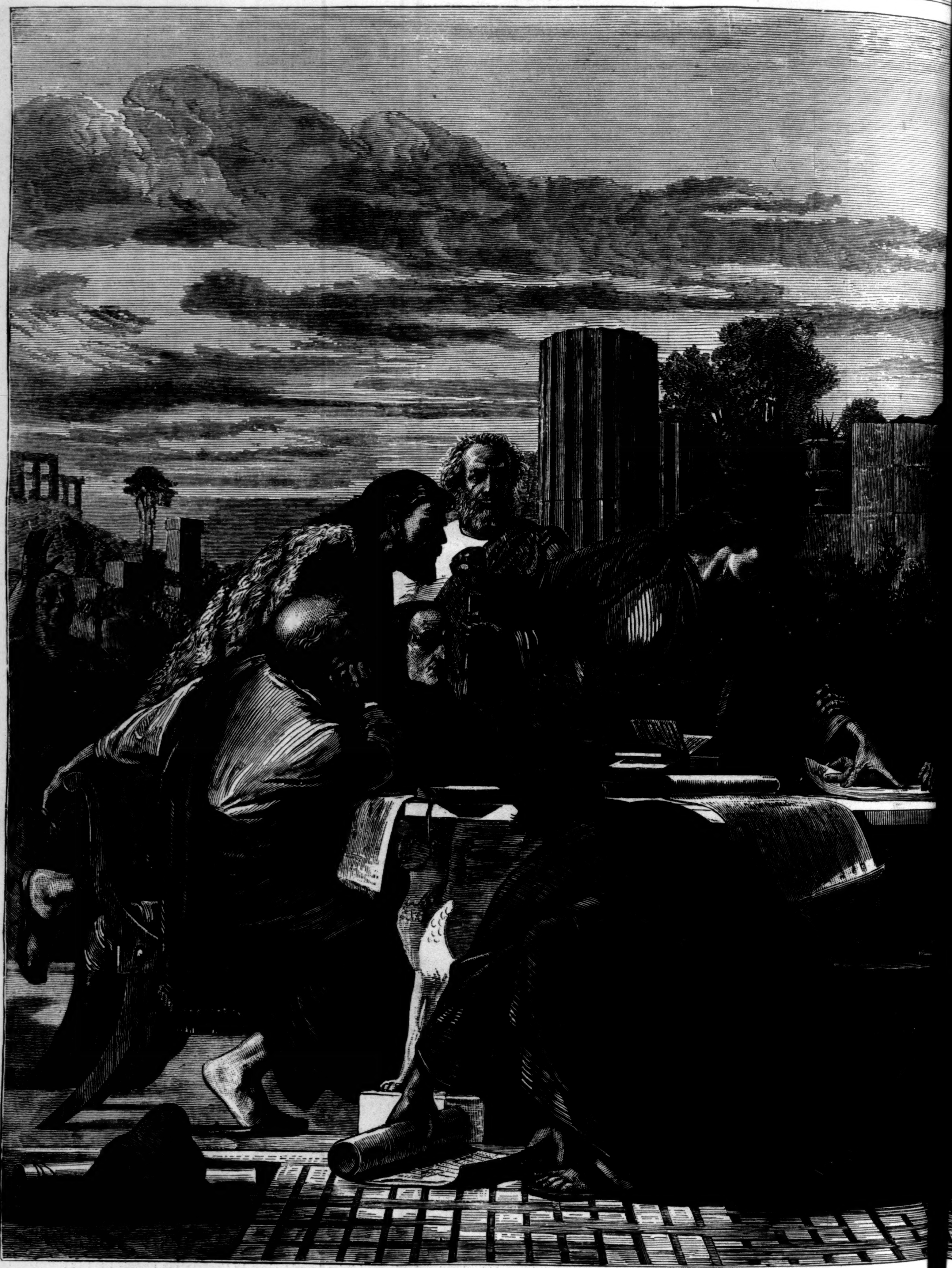
THE PICTURE-BOOK.

JULIAN THE APOSTATE.

THE Emperor JULIAN, called the Apostate, on account of his relapsing from Christianity into paganism, was a nephew of CONSTANTINE the Great, and the most brilliant and active, though least successful, of Roman emperors.

The great object of his ambition was the restoration of the ancient paganism. He and his brother GALLUS, who were too young to be dangerous, were spared when the rest of the imperial family was massacred by the command of CONSTANTIUS II. They were removed to a castle in Cappadocia, where they were subjected to a system of rigorous surveillance. This was intolerable to the haughty and independent spirit of JULIAN, and the monkish education that he received produced no other effect than a strong detestation of the religion professed by his tormentors. He was fond of literature and speculation, and instinctively turned away from the rude asceticism, gloomy piety, and barbarous jangling of the different religious sects, to the cheerfulness, refinement, and pure intellectual meditativeness of the old Greek philosophers. His heathenism was a mixture of poesy, superstition, and philosophy. He was an enthusiastic admirer of the poetry of ancient Greece, which he managed to get hold of in spite of the espionage that was exercised by those around him. Some of his teachers appear to have been secretly pagans, for the sudden change in the state religion brought about by CONSTANTINE necessitated a great deal of hypocrisy, especially among government and state officials. At the age of twenty JULIAN was at heart a disbeliever in the divine origin of Christianity. On the death of his brother GALLUS he was removed by CONSTANTIUS to Milan, but was subsequently allowed to go to Athens, the home of Greek learning, where he gave himself up to philosophical pursuits, and enjoyed the cultivated society of which he was so fond. Here his belief in the ancient gods of Greek mythology became confirmed, and the bitterness and abhorrence that he felt toward the religion of his youth proportionately increased.

From Athens he was called by CONSTANTIUS to take charge of an army and protect Gaul from the incursions of the Germans. When the command reached him he is said to have exclaimed, with a sigh, "Oh, PLATO, PLATO, what a task for a philosopher!" But in spite of his disinclination for the active life of a soldier, he was a most able general, and won the enthusiastic devotion of his followers. Refusing the delicacies provided for him, he shared the coarse and common fare provided for the meanest soldiers, and during the severe Gallic winter he would never permit a fire in his apartment. His days were devoted to the fulfillment of his military duties, and at night he would steal a few hours from the time allotted to rest for the prosecution of his favorite studies. His popularity became very



"JULIAN THE APOSTATE PRESIDING AT A CONFERENCE OF SECT…"—[F…

great, and his brilliant successes in defeating the Alemanni at Strasburg and compelling the Franks to conclude peace made him such a favorite among his soldiers that when CONSTANTIUS ordered him to the East the army rebelled and proclaimed him emperor. He reluctantly acceded to their demands, and the death of CONSTANTIUS removed the only obstacle from his path.

Now for the first time he publicly proclaimed himself a pagan. Until the death of his cousin he had outwardly conformed to all the rites of the church, but upon his elevation to imperial power he openly declared himself a friend of the gods. He organized all departments of the government upon the former heathen basis, for a devout and sincere attachment to the gods of Athens and Rome seemed to be his ruling passion. He fancied himself in intimate personal intercourse with Jupiter, Minerva, Apollo, and Hercules, who paid nocturnal visits to his imagination, and assured him of their favor and protection. The fierce contests of the Christian bishops, the incessant alterations of their creeds, and the profane motives that seemed to actuate their conduct strengthened the opinion of JULIAN that they neither understood nor believed in the religion for which they contended.

The opposition of JULIAN to Christianity did not take the shape of open violence. His policy was one of apparent toleration, and he even issued an edict to that effect, yet he showed in different ways a marked hostility to the Christians, subjecting them to many disabilities and humiliations, and allowing their enemies to treat them with excessive rigor. Yet he carefully avoided any persecution that might give to Christianity the impulse that a religious system usually receives from the martyrdom of its disciples. He hoped to attain his object by indirect means. One was the influence of his personal example and an enthusiastic zeal in the worship of the gods. As soon as he ascended the throne he dedicated a domestic chapel to his tutelar deity, the sun; his garden was filled with statues and altars to the gods, and each apartment of the palace displayed the appearance of a magnificent temple. Every morning he saluted his god with a sacrifice, and the blood of another victim was shed when th…
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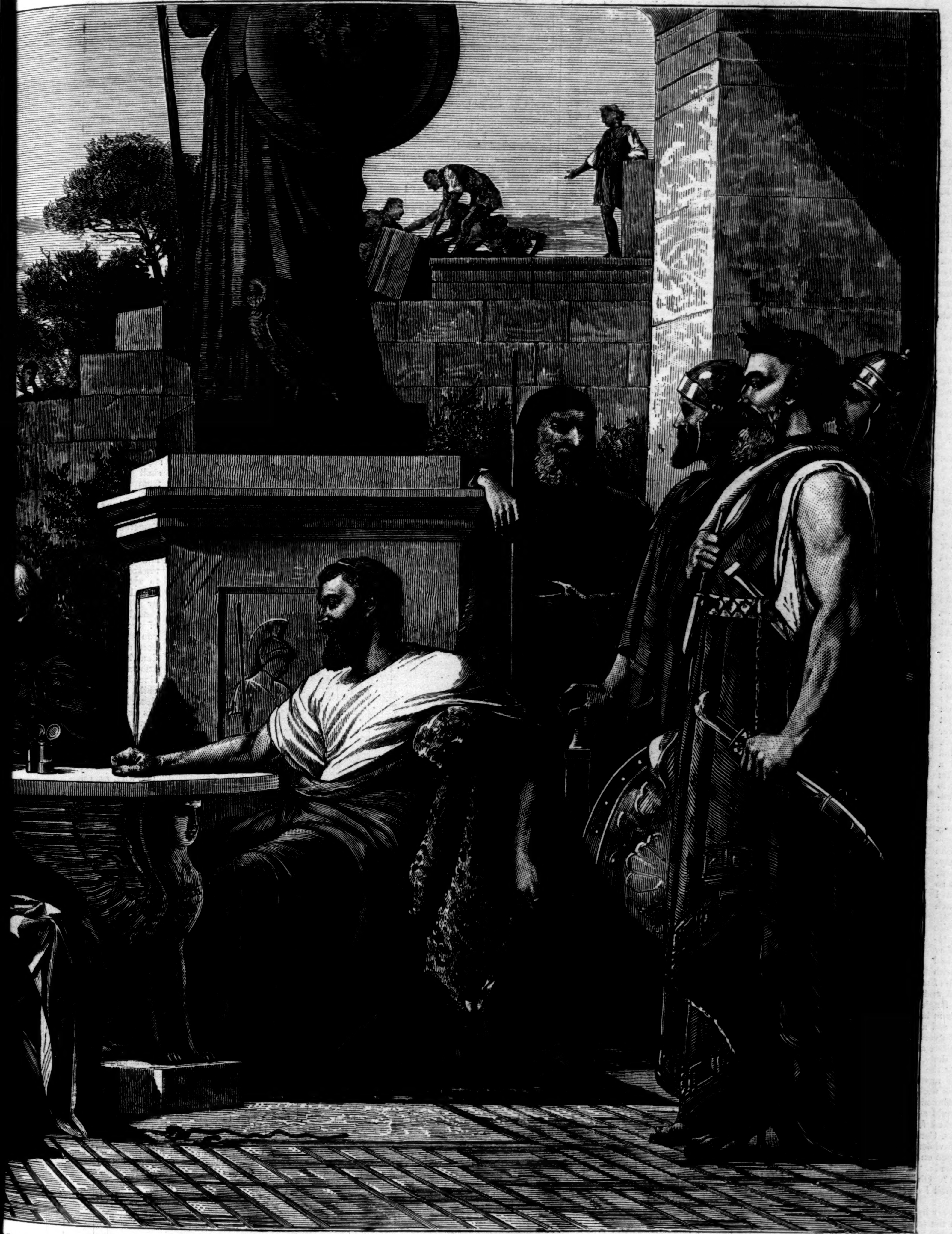

."—[FROM THE PAINTING BY E. ARMITAGE, R. A., IN THE ROYAL ACADEMY OF 1875.]

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JULIAN projected what he thought would be a deadly blow to Christianity by ordering the Temple at Jerusalem to be rebuilt. If this could be accomplished, the language of prophecy would be falsified, and the building would stand as a most powerful and convincing argument against the truth of revelation. The Jews were invited from all the provinces of the empire to assemble once more on the holy mountain of their fathers, and every effort was made to secure the success of the undertaking both by the emperor and the Jews themselves. Every purse was opened in liberal contributions, and every hand claimed a share in the pious labor. Yet the work did not prosper, and was finally abandoned in despair.

Trained in the most celebrated schools at Athens, JULIAN himself was an able writer and an artful sophist, and constantly employed the weapons of argument and ridicule against the Christians. What most excited his contempt were the divisions among them, and their bitter quarrels over different points of doctrine. GIBBON says of him: "JULIAN, who understood and derided their theological disputes, invited to his palace the leaders of the sects, that he might enjoy the agreeable spectacle of their furious encounters. The clamor of controversy sometimes provoked the emperor to exclaim, 'Hear me! the Franks have heard me, and the Alemanni.' But he soon discovered that he was now engaged with more obstinate and implacable enemies, and though he exerted the power of oratory to persuade them to live in concord, or at least in peace, he was perfectly satisfied before he dismissed them from his presence that he had nothing to dread from a union of the Christians."

Our engraving represents the celebrated Apostate presiding at one of the conferences to which GIBBON alludes. The amused irony expressed by his countenance contrasts itself forcibly with the heat and earnestness of the theological adversaries.

JULIAN died at the early age of thirty-two, from a wound received in battle. His short reign of eighteen months is chiefly remarkable for his unsuccessful attempts to repress Christianity, then in the fourth century of its existence.